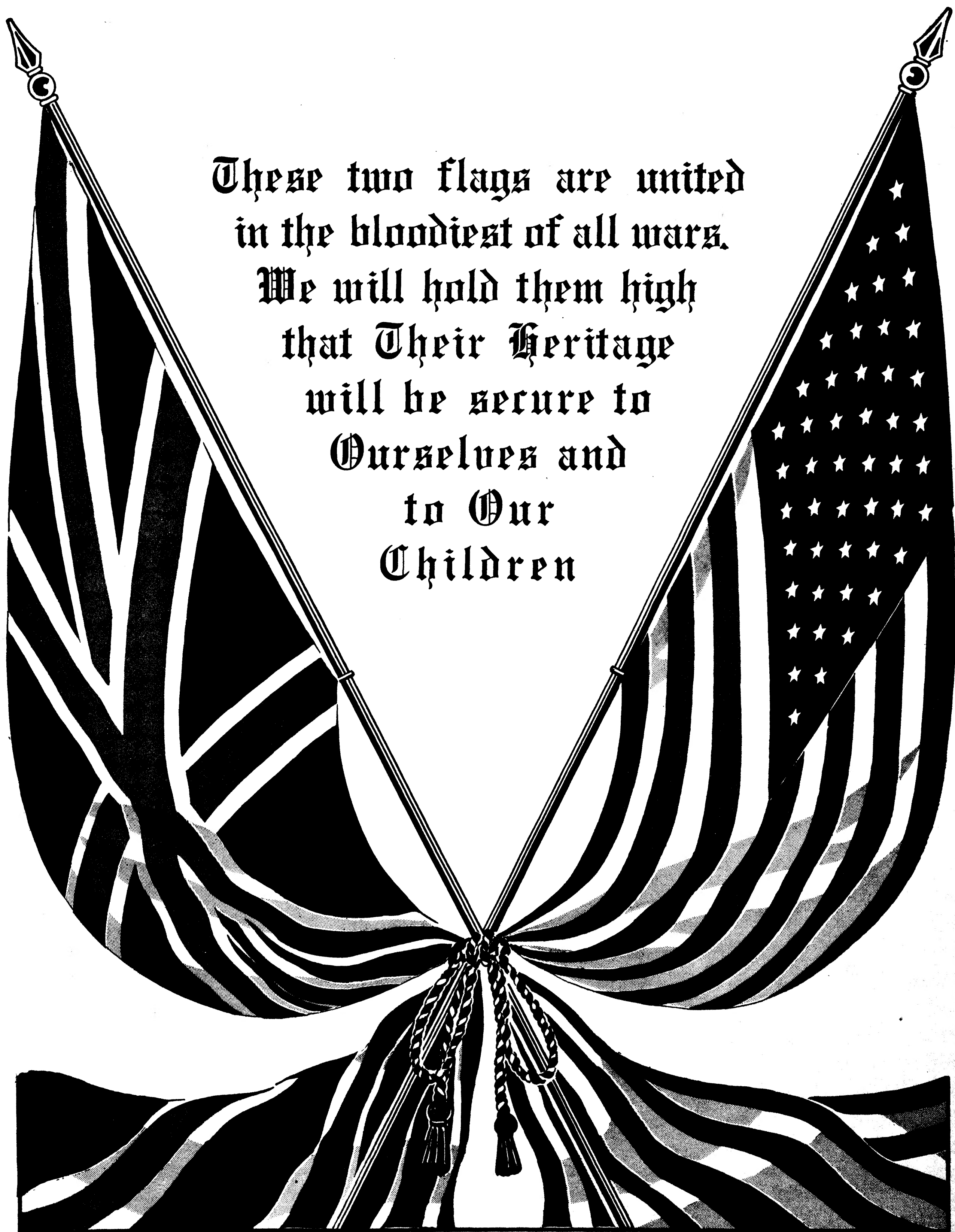


THE GATEWAY

These two flags are united
in the bloodiest of all wars.
We will hold them high
that Their Heritage
will be secure to
Ourselves and
to Our
Children



University Christmas Fund Nets \$300

Study Bad Says Reich

"Academic territories," says Professor Harrison of Queen's, in a pamphlet just issued by the Oxford Press, "were among the first to be occupied by Hitler. From the moment when he reared himself to power on the ruins of the Weimar Republic and the embers of the burnt-out Reichstag, Hitler forced the universities to twist their learning to the ugly pattern of his dialectic. Those teachers who had stood out against the politics of gangsterdom and were known to be the opponents of government by thugs, at best were allowed to leave their posts to endure slow starvation; at worst, these sensitive and cultivated intellectuals went to the concentration camp to be broken by the dirty brutalities of Hitler's depraved and muscular bedfellows of the flop-house. Nothing in the bitter history of human suffering is any way worse than theirs. Their fate is not an invention of propaganda. It is not an atrocity-story made to inspire hatred against the people with whom we are at war. We knew the sickening details years before the war started. They were a matter of common knowledge in the universities outside Germany. I have heard first-hand accounts from some of the victims who came out alive, and what they left unsaid I read in their faces."

Anti-Intellectualism
"Nor was I surprised at the savagery of the Nazi attack on the academics. Their very existence as free agents was a denial of the most characteristic assertions of National Socialism. Its claim to have discovered the ultimate truths of political philosophy, to make exclusive pronouncement on the destinies of the German people, to have come to a final reckoning with economics, geo-politics, sociology, anthropology and God, brought the age-old effort of intellectual enquiry to an end. The functions of the university were now merely to reiterate the findings of the Führer's Master-Mind to posterity's receptive minds."

Spies in Lectures
"I say that I was not surprised by the Nazi blitz against the German universities. I knew that the same detestable crime had been committed by the Italian Fascists, who were equally afraid of being criticized in places where minds are dedicated not to party but to truth. I knew that the university teachers of Mussolini's Italy were either Party Men, or under the watch and ward of Party Men, denying their calling under pressure of political restraint. I had myself listened to students from Italian universities reading papers in political science, whose every word was noted by a political spy, who sat with us, poisoning the discussion with his presence, but teaching us more about the tyranny he represented than could many a printed page. But more than this, I know something of the history of intellectual freedom, of the age-long epic telling how the men of thought have waged an endless war for the right of the individual to think for himself, and page after page of which records the heroic contest of Academics against Autocrats."

Suppression in Poland
"Not for a moment have the Nazis, the Fascists and the Communists underestimated the importance of their universities. They know, as every other junta of oligarchs, every despot and every political gangster in history has known, that for the enemies of liberty the universities are dangerous. They know that universities live longer than parties, that they outlast the puny strength of the toughest dictator. (How eternal is the University of Cracow, stronghold of the spirit of Poland, in spite of all the atrocities of morbid Tsars and Führers' ephemeral fantasies!)"

The unchangeable condition of these organic and delicate processes of education is that the men and women who have been chosen to engage in them shall follow the tracks of science and of thought wherever they may lead, passionately, fearlessly, and in perfect and unchallenged freedom. If this essential condition be jeopardized, their labors will cease to be disinterested; the services of the best of them will be withdrawn; their places will be taken by others whose view of truth is adjustable and for sale. "We do not need a Polish intelligentsia!"

"Those children of Prague are of a kind with us; prick them and they bleed, burn them and they scream. That Gestapo-men do not prowl the streets of London or Edinburgh, Montreal, New York or San Francisco, is only a matter of time and place, and the power and strategy to keep them out."
"I say without a grain of doubt that what happened in Prague could happen in Chicago, that what happened in Cracow could happen in Winnipeg, and that the hideous pattern of Nazi horror is capable of endless repetition, in Bristol and St. Andrews, at McGill and Toronto, at Harvard, Minnesota, Columbia, Amherst, Cornell, Virginia, Princeton, California, Texas, Yale, just as it has already happened in variant form in London, where University College and its splendid library have

College of Ed. Students Will Do Practice Teaching After Xmas Vacation Rural Points

Extend Period From One Week to Two Weeks

AT CITY HIGH SCHOOLS LATER

Thirty to Do Work in Country Schools

For two weeks following the Christmas holidays, thirty College of Education students will be engaged in practice teaching and observation in rural high schools. In former years the period has been only one week.

The student-teachers, eight of whom are men, will be dispersed all over the province at points as close to Edmonton as Leduc and Spruce Grove and as far away as Taber and Camrose. The practice-teaching is designed to give them a greater insight into their future work.

Since early in the past semester the students have been engaged in observation and teaching at Macauley Intermediate School in the city. After their rural effort they will teach at Edmonton high schools. Those who are going on the scheme are: Doris Berry, Kathryn Cameron, William Carr, Stella Doze, Lola Dyer, Muriel Hiatt, Jean Hutchison, Norma Kreutz, Robert Layton, Eva Lee, Isabella MacKenzie, Kathleen MacLeod, Paul Matisz, Aline Mercier, Yvonne Misener, William Mitchell, Helen Moseeson, Kathleen Murry, Frances Norris, Corwin Pine, Leslie Radford, Belle Rubin, George Rydberg, Frank Semaka, Bessie Sidorsky, Doris Tanner, Wilma Van Deelen, Victoria Wachowich, Joan White, Margaret Wilson.

St. Joseph's Library Reveals Works On Early Days in the Canadian West

By Kent Hutchinson

St. Joseph's is a Catholic college, affiliated with the University, founded, according to the inscription on the plaque that was used by His Grace, Archbishop O'Leary, then Archbishop of Edmonton, to turn the first sod on May 14, 1926.

The college occupies a site of seven acres, which was set apart when the University was founded. St. Stephen's the United Church college, occupies a similar site, and another such site awaits the arrival of St. Aidan's Anglican College.

"St. Joe's" is staffed by the Christian Brothers, and the University has been fortunate in the succession of men whom that order has sent to our campus. Many who have left are still held in affectionate remembrance—Brother Rogation and Brother Memoriam, its first Rectors, and Brothers Francis, Aloysius, and Philip, for example. St. Joe's, as every student knows, is noted for its warm hospitality, and the members of its staff have taken their full share in the general activities of the University. The intention of its generous founders has been admirably carried out by those to whom the conduct of the college has been entrusted.

Among student facilities provided by the college is a library and reading room. A visit to this library reveals the importance of the church to the life of the early west, and the part that the missionaries of the church have played. Indian relics are displayed in two cases. Another case contains some very odd books. There is also a good collection of early photographs. The same interest is displayed in many of the books on the shelves, some of which have come from the libraries of northern missionaries, notably that of Bishop Grandin. Many of these books were bound by one of the Oblate Fathers in the north.

The interest in the Indians is further shown by a collection on the "Indian Affairs of Canada" and by

been smashed to rubble by high explosives dropped from the air. "The Czech nation," says the Volksicher Beobachter, "has too large a class with university education." According to this calculus of the Nazi New Order, so has the British nation a surplus of those capable of fighting the Hunnish barbarism with their brains.

Propaganda—Not Knowledge
"Has it not been said by the President of one of the great American universities that nowadays, 'everybody wants the university to advance his special brand of propaganda, to join his private pressure group?' Such a statement, uttered by an informed authority in the arsenal of democracy, appears to be almost as alarming as it is unqualified. It can scarcely be ignored. 'We have come to the point,' he continues, 'where the pursuit of truth for its own sake is actually regarded as dangerous by nervous newspaper publishers and worried business-men.'

"The revolt against the intellect," says Professor Harrison, quoting, Dean Inge, 'is treason to humanity. It must be stemmed by the scholars in all countries, who must not be afraid to magnify their office.'"

Yearbook Asks Return Forms

Will those persons responsible, please return the Evergreen and Gold circulars for the following organizations: The Wauwela Society; Literary Association; Political Science Club; Intervarsity Debate; Open Forum; Philharmonic Society; E.S.C. Nurses' Club; Dental Club; Mining and Geological Society; The Men's Athletic Board and The Women's Athletic Board. Forms may be dropped in the year book box (Art's basement near post office), or returned to Ross Alger or Neil Carr.

a valuable collection of the publications in American Archaeology of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington. The publications on American Archaeology deal with the linguistic, music, settlements and general habits of the various tribes of Indians, and contain a veritable mine of information.

On the east wall, in a rather inconspicuous place, is hung a curious Indian calendar. This calendar is compiled and printed by the Indians on the Hobbema Reserve and sent to the college each year.

Among rare items shown are some of the works of Pettit (1938-1817), a French priest in the Oblate Order, who was sent to the Canadian North West in what are now the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, as a missionary. He published a number of valuable works dealing with the geography, anthropology and linguistics of the Canadian North West.

The library has a good collection of Catholic Theology, one notable item being the four stout volumes of Sir Kenelm Digby's "Mores Catholici". Also there is a collection of general literature, somewhat strong in dictionaries, judging from a brief visit. Outstanding is a set of Sir Walter Besant's famous ten-volume "Survey of London" from the earliest days down to modern times. The numerous Spanish and French books on the shelves reflect the wide interests of the Christian Brothers, who are active all over the world.

Around the walls of St. Joe's little library there hang pictures of friends and benefactors of the college, including St. John Baptist De La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers; Archbishop O'Leary, Archbishop of Edmonton when the college was founded; Mr. Patrick Burns and Mr. C. J. Duggan, its chief benefactors; Andrew Carnegie; Brother Alfred; and Judge Back, who was one time Chancellor of the University.

Brother Ansbert, Rector of the college, assures a friendly welcome to any student interested to visit the library.

PLAY REHEARSALS AFTER CHRISTMAS

First rehearsal for the Spring Play, "You Can't Take It With You," will be held Monday, Jan. 5, at 7:30 p.m., in Convocation Hall. The entire cast is asked to be on hand.

The post of assistant director is vacant, and anyone desiring it is requested to submit his name to P.O. Box 72, University P.O., giving address and telephone number.

NOTICE

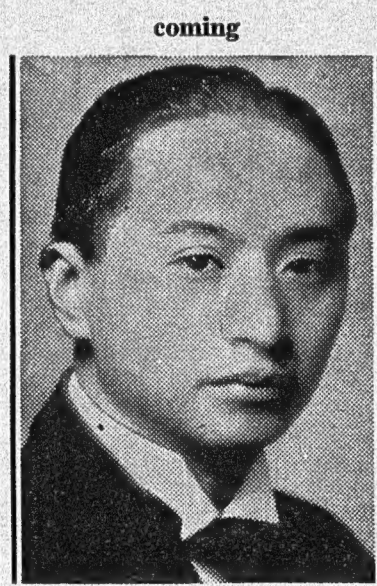
Lost Thursday morning, in Men's Common Room, a wallet containing five dollars. The finder will please hand it in to The Gateway office, or to John McVea.

NOTICE

Any members of the C.O.T.C. whose homes are outside the city of Edmonton, who will remain in the city during the Christmas vacation, are requested to see the Officer Commanding the C.O.T.C. at their earliest convenience.



Bishop W. F. Barfoot, Anglican Bishop of Edmonton, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the arrangements for Dr. Koo's visit.



Dr. T. Z. Koo, an outstanding Chinese administrator, scholar and speaker, and international speaker, who is expected to pay a visit to the University in February.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

We may appreciate fully the deep significance of Christmas, and still hail it as a welcome break in the academic year. I hope most of you can spend the holiday at home, for Christmas has always been a family festival, and at home you will most readily gather strength for the next stage. But even if you cannot celebrate Christmas with your own folk, you can still enjoy your share of the good will it brings to those who tune their hearts to receive its message.

The times are too serious for careless merry-making, or even for ill-considered giving. But there need be no limit to genuine Christmas spirit. This spirit will not hamper us in the fight to save our freedom, and it will help us afterwards to unite the world in the enjoyment of a just peace.

One of the saddest parts of today's conditions is the crop of hate that is being sown. No higher tribute could be paid to the greatness and farsightedness of General Chiang-Kai-Shek than to quote the petition from his daily prayer which runs, "Lord, keep me from hating the Japanese." He knows China and Japan must learn to work together before either can achieve peace or prosperity.

"Peace on earth to men of good will." These words heralded the first Christmas. They hold the key to the situation. More important than any system is the spirit of the people who work it. If the people have a mind to work together, all difficulties disappear.

New Year's Day, too, will have come and gone before you return to your studies. As Robert Burns observed, "The day's propitious to be wise in." You are still at the morning of life. May the day be long and fair—there is so much that is important to do, so much that is beautiful to see. A. E. Housman puts it this way:

"And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow."

We need not wait till spring. Let us look now at the beauty of our western skies, the violet shadows on evening snow, the march of stars across velvet night. It will lighten the work that fills so much of our lives.

To all students of the University I wish a happy Christmas holiday and good success in the New Year.

ROBERT NEWTON.

Alberta Students Have Never Failed Dominion Dental Council's Tests; Tells of School's Work

Undoubtedly there is not one student in attendance at the U. of A. who is not fully aware of the presence of the Dental School and Clinics. However, how many of you know that a very competent teaching staff, day after day, struggles along with willing students under quite adverse circumstances with the net result that about fifteen men graduate in Dentistry each year, having standings which compare most favorably with any other school in the Dominion. If this appears to be an idle boast, consider that to date there have been no failures among Alberta students in the Dominion Dental Council examinations. Further, should any Doubting Thomas be dubious as to their qualifications and capabilities, their records among other professional men may serve to enlighten him.

Someone, in the not too distant past, remarked that given a pair of pliers, some haywire, and Dr. Bulyea, there would always be a dental school in Edmonton. This serves, I think, to give weight to the remark concerning the capabilities of the staff. The pliers and haywire symbolize the cramped laboratory and clinic quarters, which are equipped in most cases with the very minimum essentials. However, hope springs eternal, and some day the gods may see fit to shower a few blessings on the School of Dentistry. The fine reputation provides strong evidence as to the excellence of the staff. Furthermore, Dr. Bulyea, head of the Department, and Dr. Gilchrist, in the Prosthetic Department, who are associated daily with the students, develop in them the individual initiative so necessary to the profession, and by example, impart something of their own fine qualities

which will be remembered by all in later years.

Others on the teaching staff are chosen from men in the city and province, outstanding in their respective fields. History, to many, is boring, but a few facts past and present may be of interest. Dentistry was organized in the U. of A. in 1917 under the Faculty of Medicine, but not until 1924 was a complete course offered. Senior students had to complete their studies elsewhere until that time. In 1930, Dentistry was organized as a school under the Faculty of Medicine, and exists as such today.

This school now serves the four western provinces, being the only institution of its kind in the west. No large grants of money have been endowed, as has been the case in many other schools. At best, a few dental chairs have been given, as compared to other centres where fully-equipped buildings were provided. However, due to its never-tiring builders, this small school has progressed, step by step, until it has reached the high degree of efficiency of today.

At present, the Operative Clinic consists of fifteen chairs, situated for the most part beneath the seating space of the amphitheatre in Room 157 of the Medical Building. Students provide themselves with foot-engines, instrument cases and sterilizers. The Prosthetic Clinic, in the basement, has six none-too-hand-some chairs, and elbow room only when one exhales and remains that way to the point of becoming cyanotic.

The Prosthetic Laboratory would be roomier if it were possible to install a system of underground

CKUA Request Programme, School Play, Carnival And Raffle, Contributions, All Aid

Program and Raffle Are Most Lucrative

FACULTY AND STUDENTS GIVE GOOD SUPPORT

Victoria High School Presented "Henry Aldrich"

Grossing a total of more than three hundred dollars for charity, Varsity's 1941 Christmas Fund campaign was brought to a successful conclusion with the annual Christmas Carnival Saturday night, the Fund executive announced this week.

A new feature of this year's campaign was the presentation of Victoria High School's highly successful play, "What a Life," in Convocation Hall, on Friday, December 12, directed by Miss E. Howard. Due probably to the fact that many play-going

University students had already seen the play in its original presentation at Victoria High School, attendance was somewhat disappointing. However, a satisfactory net profit was obtained for the fund, and the many students who did attend spent a hilarious two hours laughing at the irrepressible Henry Aldrich.

Climax of the Carnival evening, which featured dancing, bingo, darts and carnival "wheels," was the draw for the Philco portable 2-band radio, for which raffle tickets had been sold in advance by the Fund committee.

Wally Wright, engineer from Calgary, won the radio. The raffle added one hundred and forty-three dollars to the coffers of the fund.

Voluntary contributions totalling more than forty dollars were made by members of the faculty, various fraternities and residence, and by individual students.

Proceeds of the drive will be used for making up and distributing large Christmas hampers to needy families in Northern Alberta. Plans are being made to help a larger number of families than has been attempted in recent years.

Donations were received from the following: Dean Newton, F. M. Salter, W. H. Johns, Miss M. Patrick, Dr. Queen, Miss H. McIntyre, E. W. Sheldon, G. M. Smith, Neil Carr, Ross Alger, R. K. Gordon, D. E. Hazelton, Dr. and Betty McNally, Stan Hauptman.

J. H. White, Bert Meade and Bob Thorn, J. T. Jones, H. J. Cook, Kappa Alpha Theta, M. MacLeod, Pharmacy Club, Deke Fraternity, Phi Kappa Fraternity, Benny Casper, Zeta Fraternity, Mrs. Van Kleeck, Jack Park, Ann for Rich Swan's song.

Pharmacy Club, Tri Delt Fraternity, Mrs. Towerton, Steele Brewerton, Phi Delt Fraternity, Doug Galbraith, 4th W. corridor St. Steve's, Campus Co-op., D.U. Fraternity, Alpha Chi Fraternity, A.K.K. House, Mr. Metheun, Dick McDonald, The Stauffers, 11045 86th Ave., 11144 87th Ave., Dr. McEachern, Parnassus, Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity, Law Club.

She—Why in the world did women taken up knitting, anyway?
He—To give them something to think about while they are talking.—Acadia Athenaeum.

The rejuvenation of interest in the Interfraternity Rugby League was a welcome and heartening sight. That league produced some classy rugby, as well as plenty of high spirit. And that same spirit has been carried over into basketball and hockey. Both these latter sports are well away, and started for the new year. The faculty that cops the Bulletin Trophy this year will have been through some tough struggles, and know it.

The hockey league was officially opened Wednesday, Dec. 10, by Dr. Shoemaker, who dropped the puck for the first centre-off of the year. Dr. Shoemaker has been a constant friend to hockey and all sport on this campus, and this year donated a trophy to the league's most valuable player. The Ag-Com-Law team have assumed an early lead in the loop, winning their first two games. Engineers and Med-Pharm-Dents have on win spiece, while the Arts are holding the basement at present—and not for the wine cellar therein either.

The hockey games played last Saturday indicated very definitely that the league will be close, and that the brand of hockey will be well worth watching. There are several new stars on the campus, and these fellows are turning in first-class hockey. Though the Arts team is at present in the cellar slot, it can be assumed that they will move out of there very shortly after the New Year. They have played their first two games without the assistance of some valuable men, and bolstered by this aid in their later games, should come through. Ag-Com-Law, playing with a very small lineup, give an early glimpse of future power. They feature Bob Schrader, the hard working playing coach, George Stuart and Frank Quigley in a scoring line that can't be beaten. Quigley is a smooth skating newcomer, with plenty of ability.

Senior men's and girls' basketball teams will have their day in a series with Saskatchewan early in the next semester. The Senior men's team looks good in the games they have played so far, and the girls promise to whip Saskatchewan's belles. The annual Assault-at-Arms will be held at Alberta towards the end of January, and this event will be a major highlight of the year. Hard at work in training are the members of the boxing and wrestling and fencing clubs, who are putting on the show from the U.A. standpoint.

That but touches the surface, but should be enough for a resume of activities. I wish to thank my able assistants, Marg Robertson, Marshall Morie and Mike Bevan for their work on the Sports Page; without them the page would have been impossible—and I can say that again. Wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Graduates of the U. of A. School of Dentistry have already won their places as specialists in this field, and it is quite likely that some latent discovery or development in Dentistry might result from research.

Sports Roundup

By Bill Hewson

The first term of the Varsity season is completed, and it seems to be the time to cast our eyes back over the sporting activities on the campus of last fall, and perhaps to peer into the future to see what the New Year may bring. Athletics, as we are all aware, have suffered by the war to a considerable extent, although why this should be so we do not know. The time for national physical fitness has never been more urgent, and to students in universities the athletic clubs incorporated under their Students' Union offer probably the only recreation.

The Senior rugby team didn't meet with all the success that was prophesied for it. There are several reasons for this, none of which are important now. But the Seniors did show some fine rugby, and they shaped up into a team that would give a good account on any field. Only a team with plenty of grit and equal ability could have beaten it, and Saskatchewan's Huskies qualified on those terms.

The rejuvenation of interest in the Interfraternity Rugby League was a welcome and heartening sight. That league produced some classy rugby, as well as plenty of high spirit. And that same spirit has been carried over into basketball and hockey. Both these latter sports are well away, and started for the new year. The faculty that cops the Bulletin Trophy this year will have been through some tough struggles, and know it.

The hockey league was officially opened Wednesday, Dec. 10, by Dr. Shoemaker, who dropped the puck for the first centre-off of the year. Dr. Shoemaker has been a constant friend to hockey and all sport on this campus, and this year donated a trophy to the league's most valuable player. The Ag-Com-Law team have assumed an early lead in the loop, winning their first two games. Engineers and Med-Pharm-Dents have on win spiece, while the Arts are holding the basement at present—and not for the wine cellar therein either.

The hockey games played last Saturday indicated very definitely that the league will be close, and that the brand of hockey will be well worth watching. There are several new stars on the campus, and these fellows are turning in first-class hockey. Though the Arts team is at present in the cellar slot, it can be assumed that they will move out of there very shortly after the New Year. They have played their first two games without the assistance of some valuable men, and bolstered by this aid in their later games, should come through. Ag-Com-Law, playing with a very small lineup, give an early glimpse of future power. They feature Bob Schrader, the hard working playing coach, George Stuart and Frank Quigley in a scoring line that can't be beaten. Quigley is a smooth skating newcomer, with plenty of ability.

Senior men's and girls' basketball teams will have their day in a series with Saskatchewan early in the next semester. The Senior men's team looks good in the games they have played so far, and the girls promise to whip Saskatchewan's belles. The annual Assault-at-Arms will be held at Alberta towards the end of January, and this event will be a major highlight of the year. Hard at work in training are the members of the boxing and wrestling and fencing clubs, who are putting on the show from the U.A. standpoint.

That but touches the surface, but should be enough for a resume of activities. I wish to thank my able assistants, Marg Robertson, Marshall Morie and Mike Bevan for their work on the Sports Page; without them the page would have been impossible—and I can say that again. Wishing a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Patronize Your Gateway Advertisers

THE PURPLE LANTERN
CHINESE
CUISINE IN AN
ORIENTAL ATMOSPHERE
BANQUET
ACCOMMODATION

Call in and see our fine display of sea-sonable flowers for Christmas.

Send Flowers by Wire

We are members of the Florist Telegraph Delivery Association

Kerrison & Adams Ltd.
FLORISTS

10241 Jasper Ave. opp. The Bay Phone 25866

SERVE

Woodland Special Holiday

ICE CREAM Creations

For your Christmas and New Year festivities there's a design, flavor, filling and color for every occasion.

PRINCESS ICE CREAM CAKES, serves 10 portions \$1.00

HOSTESS CAKES, serves 14 portions \$1.25

WOODLAND LOG, star centre, serves 8 portions, 80c Serves 10 portions 90c

The New Woodland GOVERNMENT HOUSE BRICK is sure to be a big favorite with the smart hostess.

SQUARE CENTRE BRICKS—FANCY CENTRE BRICKS—LAYER BRICKS—ONE FLAVOR BRICKS—INDIVIDUAL SHAPES AND MONO CUPS—BULK ICE CREAM

"THE SMOOTH DELICIOUS KIND"

ORDER EARLY

From your nearest WOODLAND DEALER, or Telephone 22171

CANADA'S LARGEST TAILORS IN THE LOW PRICE FIELD

COLLAR AND LAPELS ARE THE 'CENTRE OF VISION'

You Get Them 'HAND-SET' in

Craftsman Clothes

EXPERTLY TAILORED BY

DUNN'S

HAND-CUT AND TAILORED-TO-MEASURE **\$24.95**

DUNN'S TAILORED CLOTHES

*LADIES' Garments Tailored in the Mannish Manner—AT SAME LOW PRICES.

10119 Jasper Avenue Phone 26243

cabin fever

By W. O. Mitchell

Sound of pounding on door and muffled voice of MacMurray:

MacMurray: Open up, ye gook, ye! How dae ye expect a mon tae get in when he's got both hands fu' ui kindling—open up—

MacNab: A'right, a'right. (Sound of door opening.)

MacMurray (as he walks across cabin): There's a boat off Squaw Point heidin' this way.

MacNab: Pairhaps 'tis the Rev. Cameron on a visit frae Savory, and— (Sound of setting down wood.)

MacMurray: Na, na, 'tis a power launch frae the look o' it—no the meeniestaire boat.

MacNab: Oh!

MacMurray: A'd welcome a wee talk wi' the meeniestaire, too. He's got some fine ideas on Plato. 'Tis some time since we've had a quid pheelosophical discussion.

MacNab: Aye.

MacMurray: Andra—

MacNab: Aye.

MacMurray: I saw that skunk again—o'er by the cascar—

MacNab: Did ye? We'll hae tae tak care o' it.

MacMurray: Aye. If A'd only had ma 30-30. A cud hae touched it off easy.

MacNab: Pairsonally I foncey a .22 for skunks.

MacMurray: No, for touching off a skunk at a hunnert yairds a 30-30's the wuppon. Ony mon that says different disnae—

MacNab: That's whitt ye say—

MacMurray: Aye I do. Gie me a 30-30 and—

MacNab: A .22 for skunks.

MacMurray: Much as I hate tae disagree wi' ye—

MacNab (stubbordly): For a skunk at a hunnert yairds—a .22.

MacMurray: Andra, I hae made it a rule the seventy-four years o' ma existence tae consider the other mon's opeenion—tae do ma best tae show him the error of his ways. As it happens, I canna hold wi' your contention that a—

MacNab: Gie me a .22 every time.

MacMurray: Ye've a foul hobit o' interruptin', Andra. Tisna polite. Especially wi' aulder folk—

MacNab: Ye're na but two years aulder than me.

MacMurray: Ye've not the matutite vusion aaulder mon—

MacNab: I'm seventy-two.

MacMurray: That's Whitts wrong wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

MacNab: 'Tis not—'Tis the Dictators, like yerself—tyrangs that—

MacMurray: Tyrants, ye mean. Tyrants? No, Andra, 'tis the young stubborn gouks which hae not the—

MacNab: tae pour whuskey frae aboot—

MacMurray: wi' the world today. 'Tis the young whupper snappers that dinna show the proper respect for age.

picious gruel brained skunk—

MacNab: Mr. MacMurray, I'll thank ye not tae call me a skunk—ye pole cat.

MacMurray: Sorry, Mr. MacNab, as I am for ony ae may be wi' in hearin' distance, I will—ye skunk.

MacNab (hurt voice): I suppose that's the way yer Greek friend taught ye tae return thairty years o' loving kindness frae a long suffering pairtner.

MacMurray: I'll thank ye tae not bandy aboot the name o' the great Plato.

MacNab: Had he an ungratefu' scrauntchchity auld pairtner—

MacMurray: Ye've no got the right tae even speak the name o' Plato, let alone—

MacNab: I'll say it as often as I please—Pluto, Pluto Pluto!

MacMurray (explodes)—Plotto!

MacNab: A'right—Plotto. And whitt did he do that should mak' him sae wunnerfu'?

MacMurray: Plotto, besides being the crack shot o' a Greece, was the oreeginator o' the theory o' reincarnation thru transubstantiation.

MacNab (interested in spite of himself): Re in what?

MacMurray: Reincarnation thru transubstantiation. But av cours 'tiss out o' the question tae expect a mon who knows nae better than tae stick up frae a .22—

MacNab: Och, ye probably hae no notion o' the meaning yerself.

MacMurray: I hae, too.

MacNab: Whitt is it then?

MacMurray: Pairhaps if I limit masel' tae words o' one syllable I can gie ye an idea o' it.

MacNab: Aye, if it makes it any easier for ye, stick tae the simpler yanes.

MacMurray: Well, we'll suppose ye dinnae come oot o' yane o' those terrible bats o' yoores yane of these times. Ye die. Meeniestaire Cameron comes o'er frae Savory an' we haid the sarvice o'er ye. Then we bury ye. Ye lie there in yer pine box thinkin' o' the miserable, ungratefu' way we treated yer faithfu' pairtner, Wull MacMurray.

MacNab: I sairtainly do nothin' o' the—

MacMurray: Soon o'er yoor grave grows a carpet of green grass. And thru the grass a buttercup lifts up it's golden head. Then the buttercup withers and dies, but in it's place noo is a skunk. I come by an' I see the skunk. It looks familiar tae me, so I stop and say, "Why, hullo, Andra MacNab, ye auld skunk—ye hae nae changed a bit."

MacNab (there is a pause—a long pause): Wull—

MacMurray: Aye.

MacNab: Thot wiz a mean yane. It hurt.

MacMurray (contrite): Aum sorry, Andra. I didna really mean it.

MacNab: I didna think ye did—but a' the same it hurt.

MacMurray: Ye're no skunk, Andra. It's just that I the heat o' the argument a mon goes a wee bit far.

MacNab: Aye.

MacMurray: I'm sorry, I didna realize we'd go sae far frae a wee argument.

MacNab: (now that he has MacMurray on the run): Aye. (Pause.) Andra—Aye—

MacMurray: Pairhaps it may be that a .22 for skunks—

MacNab: Na, na, Wull, ye were richt when ye said a 30-30.

MacMurray: Na, I've been thinkin' it over, and I've changed ma mind—

MacNab: But at a hunnert yairds a 30-30's surer.

MacMurray: Mon, mon, hae ye tae be continually argy-bargyin'.

MacNab: 'Tis not argy bargyin'.

MacMurray: 'Tis not.

MacMurray: See here, ma mony—if I'm hoodwinked enough tae change tae your side o' an argument, I expect tae find ye there when I get there.

MacNab: A 30-30's for skunks.

MacMurray: A .22.

MacNab: Ye mustna forget 30-30 Pluto.

MacMurray: Pluto! And I've told ye not to play fast and loose wi' his name.

MacNab: I will if I want.

MacMurray: Ye might hae the common decency tae respect—

MacNab: Respect, respect! You're a fine mon tae talk a' respect an' still tasting the word skunk.

MacMurray: I was foolish enough tae say I wiz sorry thot—

MacNab: O, so ye didn't mean it, after a'. It takes thairty years a livin' in a more tae find oot he's a hopocrit!

MacMurray: Hypocrit. (He pronounces it highpocreit!)

MacNab: See, ye admit it yersell!

MacMurray: I do not.

MacNab: Ye just said ye were.

MacMurray: I—

MacNab: Don't deny it. I wonder what Plutto would say if he—

MacMurray: Muster MacNab (ominously), I've warned ye three times not tae cast aspairsons o' the nance o'—

MacNab: If ye're so fond a' him he must be—

MacMurray: Say na more—

MacNab: As much as hi—hy—Har as yersell!

MacMurray: I'll not have it.

MacNab: Did he ca' his pairtner Aristotle a skunk? Did he borry his tobacco and—

MacMurray: Will ye stop defillin' the—

MacNab: Make his life a—

MacMurray: Muster MacNab, I dinna mind whitt ye say about me or ma character, but keep yer fulthy tongue frae Plotto.

MacNab: I suppose he—

MacMurray: That's enough.

MacNab: Return the thairty years kindness of a long-sufferin' pairtner wi'—

MacMurray: Ye've done it.

MacNab: Hard words and—

MacMurray: We're through.

MacNab: Argy bargyin'.

MacMurray: We're pairtners na longer.

MacNab: Did he—whatt!

MacMurray: Ye haird me. 'Tis the last straw. I'm through wi' you an' a' yer fulthy ways.

(Pause.)

MacNab: Ye mean—

MacMurray: Aye, we're breakin' up.

MacNab: But—well, a'right. 'Tis fine an' dondy wi' me. When do we start?

MacMurray: The sooner the better.

MacNab: The prospect o' anither second i' yer presence fair makes me sick.

MacMurray: We can start divyin' the grub richt noo.

MacNab: Suits me to the ground.

MacMurray: Begin wi' the canned goods.

MacNab: And go thru the beans, salt an' flour too, the oatmeal which goes sae well wi' yer parritch complexion.

Fade voices—bring up music.

MacMurray: Thot does for the beans and bacon. Ye can use yon gunny sack fer yer share o' the oatmeal. I'll pour it while ye hould the sack.

MacNab: Aye. (Pause.)

MacMurray: Open, mon, open.

MacNab: 'Tis open. Whitt goes on the floor's frae yer share.

MacMurray: Aucht—a'right.

MacNab: Thot does it. Thank heaven. Noo I can pack me stuf in the canoe and leave.

MacMurray: Nossae fast, ma monny. Who did ye—hae the canoe?

MacNab: I tak the canoe and the cabin's for you.

MacMurray: Do ye forget the canoe's half mine?

MacNab: Weel, it's half mine.

MacMurray—Aye, it 'tis—half.

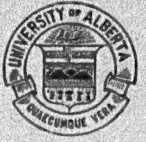
MacNab: Weel—

MacMurray: I'll no gie ye ma half.

MacNab: I'll no gie you mine.

MacMurray: We'll divy it.

THE GATEWAY



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

TELEPHONE 31155

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN D. PARK
BUSINESS MANAGER WILLIAM MARTIN

Tuesday Editor James S. Woods
Friday Editor Mary Barbara Mason

The Spirit of Christmas is not dead. Admittedly, it has taken a beating, but it has been taking a beating for the last two thousand years. It has, however, had a few blows more painful than usual during the past few years.

There is no greater ideal than that of peace on earth, and goodwill to all men. It is an ideal that we will not reach in our time, nor in that of generations to come. It is an ideal that can never be completely translated into reality.

But that does not mean that we should not cherish the ideal.

Editorial Squibs

On the opposite page is an Honor Roll of University graduates, ex-students and students who are serving their country in the armed forces. Many, we are sure, wish to get in touch with their friends here listed. Unfortunately, we cannot publish addresses of men on active service. However, The Gateway will co-operate in forwarding letters to these men. Letters should be sent to The Gateway office, with the name of the man to whom it is to be written plainly on the envelope.

The Gateway wishes to thank Mr. G. B. Taylor, the Assistant Registrar, and Miss Carlyle of the Registrar's office, for their help in making the publication of this Honor Roll possible.

The Americans are having a wave of anti-Japanese sentiment. Here are some of its manifestations: At Columbus, Ohio, a hotel changed the name of its "Mikado" room to "Mandarin" room; in Cleveland, the local comic opera company gave up production plans for Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" for "obvious reasons"; in Cincinnati, Joseph A. Pulsfort eliminated the middle letter from his initials on his watch band, tie clasp and belt buckle because they spelled JAP, and not far from Missoula, officers deported several aged Japanese railroad workers from the district because they were being threatened with bodily harm by a number of fellow workers who, it so happened, were Italians.

Casserole

First Co-ed—I'm sure there's a man following us.
Second Co-ed—Gosh! What shall we do?
First Co-ed—Let's match for him.

This Festive Season
The Scotch lass and lad went bicycling in the country during the Christmas season. They were very much in love. Soon they stopped to rest.
"Yeah, Jack, I'll give ye anything you want now."
"Er—er—I'll take your bike."

Teacher—James, give me a sentence using the word "diadem".

James—People who start across railroad tracks without look diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen.

Visitor (at Asylum)—Do you have to keep the women inmates separated from the men?
Attendant—Sure. The people here aren't as crazy as you think.

Man (at counter)—Could you tell me where Miss Smith works?

Clerk—In no man's land.
Man—Where's that?
Clerk—The lingerie department.

A cow has got two legs in front
And two more in addition,
To hold up her chassis,
Her rear end, and transmission.

A policeman who came home late, undressed in the dark and slipped into bed. But his wife awoke and said, "Clancy, would ye mind running out and getting me a headache powder? Me head's splitting."

Clancy jumped into some clothing and complied. The druggist handed him the powders: "By the way, aren't you Officer Clancy?"

Clancy answered "Yes."
"Well, then," asked the druggist, "what are you doing in that fireman's uniform?"

Sweet Young Thing, to Floorwalker—Please, could you tell me where I could get some silk covering for my settee?

Floorwalker—Two aisles down and one over for the lingerie department.

"Darling, your waist is the smallest I've ever seen."
"Of corset is."

Captain—Why didn't you salute me yesterday?
Private—I didn't see you, sir.
Cap'tain—Good! I was afraid you were mad at me.

Prof. to Co-ed—I keep a picture of you in my mind all the time.

Co-ed—Gosh! how small you make me feel!

"Jim took me for a ride to Leduc last night."
"That's where you made your mistake."
"No, that was at St. Albert."

Casserole wishes one and all a Very Merry Christmas. May the New Year bring hope, peace and success to you.

We would also like to say good-bye to most of "ye Freshmen." Ouch!

Useful Knowledge, or Dorothy Dix Has Nothing on Bismarck

(With apologies to Mr. Salter)

As I walked into the mathematics class, my mind was in a turmoil. Eight o'clock on a Monday morning is not the best time in which to straighten out one's housekeeping budget. But no matter how hard I tried to forget the whole bothersome business, I could still see that page in our "expense" book with those two columns that would not balance. Every Sunday morning my roommate and I settle our accounts, but for once we were stumped. Of course, five cents isn't a very large amount of money, but then it was the principle of the thing that bothered me, and anyway, we couldn't even split five cents evenly. I gave but scant attention to the graph which the professor was discussing, although once I did forget my worries long enough to contemplate the numerous graphs I might draw up on the cost of different foods. Take eggs, now. They have steadily gone up in price since September until a few weeks ago, when they dropped slightly. Then as I again transferred my thoughts to the search for the missing cents, I was distracted from my problem to note that my answer for a simple addition necessary to obtain a certain formula from the graph was different from that given by other members of the class. Surely 62 and 23 are 86. Why, those figures had occurred in our expense book the previous day, and I had checked and re-checked them. But wait—of course, the sum of two and three is five! It is their product that is six. Therein lay my mistake. Three cheers for higher mathematics. My mind would no longer be haunted by visions of elusive cents slipping out of my grasp.

In a very light-hearted mood I went forth at the end of the hour to obtain a little culture in the English class. The professor began by giving us an outline of the sections involved in a study of writing. As he mentioned them—the mechanics of writing, the virtues of writing, the graces of writing, different style of writing, and the art of writing—there flashed through my mind a parallel study of feminine personality. Under the mechanics would be included such minor points as details of dress and make-up. The virtues would not be unlike those for writing; brevity is the soul of wit in every field, variety—men would probably exchange the word inconsistency, suspense—always a good line, activity—it's best to keep the men on the hop, and symmetry—there's not much to be done here, although they claim military drill has its advantages. As to the graces of femininity, they would likewise be similar to those for writing, for suggestion is the keynote of successful female diplomacy, and sex appeal in a pretty girl is not so very far removed from sense appeal in a writer. Styles of female allure are quite numerous and easily recognized, from the

young innocent to the bored sophisticate. As in writing, it is the art which is the important consideration, so in personality, for although in the former words and ideas require careful attention, as do clothes and make-up in the latter, it is the way in which they are presented to their audiences upon which depends their success.

It was not until the middle of the following hour that my interest was again aroused. The lecture dealt with Bismarck's diplomacy which was based upon the principle of keeping of keeping in the good graces of the other Powers. It occurred to me that here was a lesson for every girl. When boy-friend number one called to visit and boy-friend number two was expected, or when they both plied for dates on the same evening, why even Dorothy Dix could give no better advice than that obtained from a study of Bismarck's methods of handling two jealous nations.

Here my pursuit of knowledge was interrupted by the necessity to go home and prepare lunch, but on my way back to the dormitory I wrestled with the problems met in the world of chemistry. Before long I had concocted a brown mixture closely resembling fudge except that it was creamy and smooth, whereas my candy was always sugary. However, by carefully observing temperatures and procedure, I hope to obtain better results in the future. I picked up several other helpful hints in the course of the afternoon which will be invaluable in my cooking enterprises. If a liquid is hot it is very likely that the container will also be hot and not bear handling. Further, if one neglects to follow instructions and omits one or two reagents or ingredients, the results will be other than successful, and finally, if different containers are used for each process and none are ever washed, a point is reached (usually an inconvenient point) at which there remain no clean ones. Yes, university knowledge is very useful!



"Any loot, darling?"
"Yes, thank goodness—lots of Sweet Caps."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

During the Christmas Season

as on all other important occasions throughout the year

FLOWERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

WE SHALL BE GLAD TO SERVE YOU

EDMONTON FLOWER SHOP

10223 Jasper Ave.

Phone 21739

Beta Nu Campus Togs

Date Dresses

with the holiday spirit at reduced prices!

Dressy Wool Dirndls with velveteen and embroidery trim

\$7.89 to \$14.89

Gay Flirting Peplum Dresses for holiday dancing

\$6.89 to \$14.89

Sweaters

are the ideal Christmas Gift this year

See our selection of
Sloppy Sal
Jantzen Long
Torso Sweaters

Pullovers in blue, yellow, brown \$3.50

Cardigans in pink and blue \$5.95

Sloppy Joe Twin Sets in red, yellow, blue \$4.95

Gay, bright, long-sleeved Pullovers in red, green, yellow \$2.50

Skating Sweaters, pullovers and cardigans \$5.95

"Snuggledown"

Pyjamas and Nightgowns

Awake or asleep, it's a dream gift. Sleep or lounge in the pyjamas. Four Butcher Boy styles; blue, rose, peach. Special,

\$2.89



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS
Waterman Pens, \$1.50 to \$5.00; University Pennants, 75c, 90c, \$1.10;
C.O.T.C. Sweat Shirts, \$1.40.
Embossed U. of A. Cards, in University colors..... 10c each, \$1.00 dozen
THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Eaton's

Extends Christmas Wishes--1941

A Happy New Year--1942



T. EATON CO.
WESTERN LIMITED

EDMONTON CALGARY

Branch Stores: Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and Red Deer



48 Albany Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario,
Dec. 10, 1941.

Editor, The Gateway.
Dear Sir,—It is probably only too natural that a student newspaper should be appreciated least by those who see it most, and I recall that during my years at dear old U. of A. I, too, criticized The Gateway frequently. The pleasure I now get from reading second-hand copies forwarded to me by a friend is so great that I feel obliged to atone for former criticisms by writing a letter of a type which is probably almost unique in the history of Gateway editors.

The copies which I receive are read by many of the students here in the Botany Building, students who come from divergent parts of Canada. It is with great pride that I have heard them admit that The Gateway is "quite a rag," and to have one student from B.C. classify it as, in his opinion, the best student publication in Canada. You Alberta students are justly proud of the "Green and Gold"—how about realizing that the lowly Gateway is also outstanding?

It would have been disappointing if the annual crop of letters provoked by the Casserole had not appeared in recent issues. During the six years that I have read The Gateway, those letters, like the perennial hue-and-cry over lack of student spirit, have been features of more than usual interest to the student body as a whole. Everyone has his own opinion and should be encouraged to express it, but just in case you're wondering, dear Casserole Ed, I am not ashamed to show your efforts to my friends, be they young or old. They cause numerous giggles and guffaws, too! Surely, if the staid students of this conservative campus can appreciate them, few, even among the professors, can fail to do so out there in the free west.

In conclusion, I might point out that we have an active Alberta Alumni here. If news of former Alberta students would be of interest, it could readily be supplied.

Yours sincerely,
DYSON ROSE, Ag. '39.

Finding a German prisoner beaten almost to a pulp, the captain received the following explanation from the officer in charge. "Well, sir," stammered the officer, "he made fun of King George and Queen Elizabeth. I took that, sir. He ran down Prime Minister Churchill. I took that, sir. He scoffed at our National Anthem. I took that, sir. But when he opened the porthole and spat in OUR sea, I just couldn't take that, sir."

Honour Roll

ANTI-TANK REGIMENT
Harkness, Major Douglas S., '24.
CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS
Bradley, Major Robert William.
Ahrens, Capt. Arthur C., '27.
Allen, Lieut. Harvey A., '40.
Bay, Lieut. Morris, '39.
Brown, Capt. Harry K., '30.
Decker, Capt. George E., '32.
Galbraith, Capt. Evan M., '29.
Holmes, Lieut. Lionel S., '41.
Huculak, Lieut. Nick, '41.
Johnson, Capt. Carmen M., '39.
McEwen, Capt. R. Archibald, '39.
Murray, Capt. William S., '36.
Neilson, Lieut. John W., '41.
Page, Capt. George H., '38.
Pedlar, Lieut. Frederick G., '41.
Shillington, Capt. Richard T., '39.
Stuart, Capt. W. Ross, '37.
Wilkinson, Egbert, '27.
Wilson, Capt. Wm. Robert, '37.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE
Boomer, Assistant Section Officer D. Lois, '38.
Evans, Assistant Section Officer Sylvia I., '33.
Jenkins, Cpl. Helen L., '38.
Laidlaw, Cpl. L. Jane, '37.
Race, Cpl. Marjorie A., '27.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Cave, Cpl. Patricia Mary.
Magoon, Cpl. M. Alta.

NURSING SISTERS
MacLeod, Agnes Jean, '24, '27.
Campbell, Jean M., '39.
Cogland, Blodmin M., '39.
Esdale, Queenie M., '30.
Farquharson, Elizabeth, '36.
Loggin, Mary, '31.
North, Valma T., '34.
Spohn, Mary B., '36.
Trowbridge, Mabel Edith.

MISCELLANEOUS
Cornish, Lieut. Sidney J.
Millican, Capt. Frederick R., '38.
Nolan, Lieut.-Col. Harry G., '14.
Macdonald, Capt. L. Vance, '35.
Royal Army Medical Corps.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Aiken, A. F. Colby.
Macdonald, Major John K. (U.S.A. Medical).
Sutherland, Capt. T. Sydney (Machine Gun).

ARMORED CORPS
Staples, Lieut. John C., '39.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Coons, Lieut. Leroy Duncan.
Sackville, Lieut. George.
Milroy, Lieut. William A.

INFANTRY
Macdonald, Major Bruce J., '24, '26.
MacGregor, Capt. Ernest S., '37.
McGurran, Lieut. Leonard V., '39.
Main, Lieut. Sidney G., '36.
Morgan, Fusilier Arthur R., '22.
Mundy, Lieut. David B., '40.
Oke, Lieut. D. J. Wesley, '26, '27.
O'Meara, Lieut. Edmund W. B., '41.
Peters, Lieut. Francis L., '36.
Procter, Lieut. Robert L., '37.
Prowse, Lieut. J. Harper, '37.
Ross, 2nd Lieut. Robert W., '41.
Roxburgh, Lieut. Wm. G., '32.
Russell, Lieut. Albert, '31.
Short, Lieut. W. Allan, '28.

Stanley, Acting Major George F. G., '29, '31.
Thexton, 2nd Lieut. Wm. D., '38.
Towerton, Major Henry J., '13.
Waller, Lieut. Leslie G. P., '33, '39.
Washburn, Lieut. John R., '40.
Wheeler, Major Benjamin M., '35 (Medical).
Williams, Lieut. Charles David "Dick," '38, '40.
Wilson, Lieut.-Colonel Ernest B., '25, '27.

Undergraduates and ex-Students
Archibald, Private Robert D.
Baker, Major Wm. E.
Bow, Lieut. Malcolm.
Bury, Major William G.
Cameron, Cadet Stanley D.
Chinnick, Lieut. C. M. William.
Devaney, Lieut. Charles M.

INFANTRY
Ignatieff, Lieut. V. (grad. '32, staff).
Adam, Lieut. Garnet D., '34.
Backman, Lieut. Wilfred S., '24.
Ballachey, Lieut. Alex. A., '35.
Bishop, Capt. N. Juddson, '39, '40.
Blair, Lieut. Gilbert L., '40.
Blue, Lieut. John F., '36.
Buckingham, Capt. Ernest H., '21.
Canty, Private Timothy Michael, '41.

Carlyle, Acting-Sgt. Ralph E., '35, '37.
Chritchley, Lieut. Harry F., '30.
Coffin, Lieut. Albert F., '32.
Cote, Capt. Ernest A., '38.
Day, Capt. Egerton W., '25.
DesRosières, Lieut. Chas., '36.
Elliott, Lieut. Russell H., '23.
Ficht, Lieut. Joseph P., '24, '26.
Forster, Major Ralph P., '20.
Gallimore, Lieut. Chas. W., '37.
Gibbs, Lieut. Eric L., '31, '32.

Gregg, Lieut. Hubbard Thornton R., '39, '41.
Hutton, Lieut. W. Lloyd, '37, '38.
Hyde, Major Ernest E., '22.
Ingle, Lieut. Lorne E., '39, '40.
Jacquest, Lieut. Donald M., '41.
Jamieson, 2nd Lieut. John H., '38.
Kennedy, Lieut. Garfield, '39.
Kent, Lieut. Parker, '35.
Knight, Capt. and Adj. Thomas, '30.
MacAllister, Lieut. Wm. F., '36.
MacCullie, Lieut. Andrew, '38.
Macdonald, Lieut. Alan F., '36, '37.
Macdonald, Lieut. Bruce F., '40.

INFANTRY
Donald, Major Archie S.
Field, Cpl. Harris G. "Gig".
Hawreliak, C.Q.M.S. Andrew.
Hancock, Lieut. Robert L.
Langston, Capt. A. Edgar.
Martin, Sgt. Carlyle George.
Munro, Lieut. Donald.
Nichols, Lieut. Alon.
Tomlinson, Acting-Sgt. John.
Van Camp, Lieut. Harold.
Weekes, Sgt. Clarence A.

R.A.F.
Gordon, Squadron Leader John A., '35.
Nelson, Wing Commander (Medical) Sidney R. C., '34.
Patterson, Gordon Neil '31 (prisoner of war).

Woodruff, Wing Commander Patrick H., '35.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Kyle, F.O. Milton A.
McKnight, F.O. William L. (D.F.C. and bar, missing).

TANK CORPS
Cornett, Lieut. Thomas R., '35.
Dunlap, Lieut. Jack H., '37.
MacDonald, Lieut. Lloyd George, '36.
McIndoe, Douglas H., '39.
Swanson, Lieut. Frank G., '37.
Wyatt, Major James L., '20.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Cameron, Lieut. Donald F. "Tim".
Lambert, Lieut. M. S. A.
Lee, Tpr. Ronald B.
Matthews, Lieut. Donald C.
Williams, Tpr. Lawrence D.

R.C.A.F.
Myatt, Major W. G. staff.
Bissett, Lieut. Donald P., '39.
Brown, Capt. Frederick U., '36.
Campbell, Lieut. Duncan C., '38.
Clarke, Lieut. Cecil H. (Dental).
Carscallen, F.O. Alan N., '31.
Cohen, F.O. Eliot, '40.
Colman, P.O. Russell M., '36.
Constabaris, P.O. James, '28, '39.
Costigan, Sgt. Obs. Norman E. ("Sammy"), '40.
Crosbie, F.O. Maxwell C., '33, '36.
Crosby, F.O. Douglas R., '38.
Cummings, P.O. George L., '41.
Davidson, AC2 Neil A., '40.
Davis, Flt. Lieut. Ralph C., '34.
Dawson, Sgt. Pilot Richard J., '37.
Dewis, LAC Marshall W., '41.
Digney, LAC Roderick J., '36.
Douglas, LAC Arlie B., '34.
Downey, P.O. Melvin J. V., '28.
Dunne, F.O. Francis R., '39, '40.

R.C.A.F.
Edwards, P.O. Frank J., '33.
Field, P.O. Wm. E., '39.
Freeze, P.O. Donald A., '35.
French, P.O. David T., '40.
Garfin, Sgt.-Pilot Irving W., '36.
Gibault, Joseph L., '39.
Gibson AC2 John P., '39.
Goddard, Squadron Leader John C., '38 (Medical).
Gordon, Clarke L., '22.
Gordon, Sgt. Obs. Colin D., '37.
Graham, Sgt. Pilot Robt., '36.
Grier, Pilot Officer, '39.
Hare, AC2 James E., '41.
Hanna, Sgt. Richmond F. L., '41.
Hanna, Wing Commander Wm. F., '22, '23.

Harrison, F.O. Robt. Henry C., '27.
Hood, Walter Robert, '39.
Hope, H. Munro, '41.
Hyland, AC2 Thomas W., '40.
Imrie, B. Shields, '35.
Irving, LAC Wm. P., '40.
Jackson, Cecil W., '36.
Jackson, Lieut. W. I. (Dental).
Jamieson, P.O. Robert C., '40.
Jamison, Flt. Lieut. John M., '38, '39.
Johnson, Stanley, '34, '37.
Johnston, Flt. Lieut. James C., '39.
Jonason, P.O. Jonas C., '28, '40.
Lambert, P.O. George H.
Lantinga, AC Sabo R., '41.
Laurie, F.O. James B., '26.
Lea, Capt. C. Spencer, '39 (Dental).

Ziegler, Major William S.
R.C.A.F.
Scharff, Capt. Robt. L., staff.
Bedford, LAC Ronald F., ad. staff.
Bevan, AC2 Arthur, ad. staff.
Bell, F.O. James, ad. staff.
Goodman, Sgt. Ob. Keith S., ad. staff.

Thomas, AC2 Alfred B., ad. staff.
Badger, Flt. Lieut. Garnet A., '39.
Badner, P.O. John F., '33, '35.
Beaumont, F.O. Walter, J., '38, '39.
Bradley, Flt. Lieut. Leonard O., '38 (Medical).
Brennagh, Cpl. John F., '39.
Briese, Wing Commander Richard G., '32 (missing).
Brimacombe, F.O. Douglas A., '41.
Brocklebank, AC2 Chester R., '41.
Butterfield LAC John, '41.
Campbell, F.O. Lachlan M., '34.
Canty, Sgt. Leader John J. E., '34.
Carley, Lieut. Cecil H. (Dental).
Carscallen, F.O. Alan N., '31.
Cohen, F.O. Eliot, '40.
Colman, P.O. Russell M., '36.
Constabaris, P.O. James, '28, '39.
Costigan, Sgt. Obs. Norman E. ("Sammy"), '40.
Crosbie, F.O. Maxwell C., '33, '36.
Crosby, F.O. Douglas R., '38.
Cummings, P.O. George L., '41.
Davidson, AC2 Neil A., '40.
Davis, Flt. Lieut. Ralph C., '34.
Dawson, Sgt. Pilot Richard J., '37.
Dewis, LAC Marshall W., '41.
Digney, LAC Roderick J., '36.
Douglas, LAC Arlie B., '34.
Downey, P.O. Melvin J. V., '28.
Dunne, F.O. Francis R., '39, '40.

R.C.A.F.
Edwards, P.O. Frank J., '33.
Field, P.O. Wm. E., '39.
Freeze, P.O. Donald A., '35.
French, P.O. David T., '40.
Garfin, Sgt.-Pilot Irving W., '36.
Gibault, Joseph L., '39.
Gibson AC2 John P., '39.
Goddard, Squadron Leader John C., '38 (Medical).
Gordon, Clarke L., '22.
Gordon, Sgt. Obs. Colin D., '37.
Graham, Sgt. Pilot Robt., '36.
Grier, Pilot Officer, '39.
Hare, AC2 James E., '41.
Hanna, Sgt. Richmond F. L., '41.
Hanna, Wing Commander Wm. F., '22, '23.
Harrison, F.O. Robt. Henry C., '27.
Hood, Walter Robert, '39.
Hope, H. Munro, '41.
Hyland, AC2 Thomas W., '40.
Imrie, B. Shields, '35.
Irving, LAC Wm. P., '40.
Jackson, Cecil W., '36.
Jackson, Lieut. W. I. (Dental).
Jamieson, P.O. Robert C., '40.
Jamison, Flt. Lieut. John M., '38, '39.
Johnson, Stanley, '34, '37.
Johnston, Flt. Lieut. James C., '39.
Jonason, P.O. Jonas C., '28, '40.
Lambert, P.O. George H.
Lantinga, AC Sabo R., '41.
Laurie, F.O. James B., '26.
Lea, Capt. C. Spencer, '39 (Dental).

Lees, Flt. Lieut. John M., '38 (Medical).
Logie, F.O. Robert Fraser, '35.
Lucas, F.O. John W., '30.
McAskile, Allan A., '36.
McCall, LAC Hugh C., '39.
McAulay, F.O. Graham F. "Pete", '39.

McDonald, Sgt. Hugh R., '39.
Macdonald, F.O. Ralph C., '36.
MacDonald, F.O. Shirley G., '25, '28.
McEwen, P.O. Alan J., '38.
McIntosh, P.O. John G., '36.
MacKay, P.O. Wm. M., '40 (prisoner of war).

McLaughlin, P.O. Philip M., '39.
McLaws, LAC Wm. R., '36, '39.
MacNaughton, Aircraftman W. Norman, '41.
Madsen, F.O. J. C. Kenneth, '39.
Mair, Wing Commander Robert C., '34.
Mann, P.O. James Munro, '38.
Martyn, Squadron Leader Maxwell P., '36.
Michener, F.O. Joseph Stanley, '38.
Miller, LAC John W., '41.
Miller, Wing Commander Frank Robert, '31.
Miller, Flt. Lieut. Sidney R., '38.
Milligan, P.O. Robert J., '30.
Moody, LAC Kenneth William, '40.
Morgan, LAC Joseph E., '37.
Newinger, AC2 Harlin Kenneth, '39.
Newlove, AC2 Thomas V., '31.
Newson, LAC David H., '40, '41.
Oatway, Lieut. O. Lorne, '41 (Dental).

Odell, AC2 William H., '41.
Orr, Wing Commander Walter A., '32.
Peck, P.O. John W., '36.
Perley, Flt. Lieut. Donald A., '39 (Medical).
Pidoux, Flt. Lieut. John L., '34.
Porter, Flt. Lieut. John J., '40 (Medical).
Primrose, F.O. P. Neil, '26.
Reinhardt, AC2 Otis F., '40.
Ross, Flt. Lieut. George, '38.
Scott, LAC G. Philip, '41.
Sharpe, AC2 Douglas H., '38.
Steed, Lieut. H. Graeme, '41 (Dental).

Stewart, F.O. John J., '39.
Talbot, Sgt. Pilot John R., '38 (missing).
Teskey, P.O. Hugh G., '24.
Thomas, LAC Orlough P., '37.
Van Camp, Squadron Leader Wm. C., '38.
Walker, AC2 John F., '39.
Walker, AC2 Lynwood A., '25 (Medical).
Wallace, Flt. Lieut. J. Douglas, '40.
Watt, Flt. Lieut. Merritt J., '33.
Wickett, Flt. Lieut. John C., '38.
Will, Flt. Lieut. George A. D., '32.
Williams, Wing Commander David G., '33, '35.

Wilson, LAC Edward D., '41.
Wilson, F.O. Eric D., '39.
Wolfe, AC2 Merrill E., '41.
Wynn, P.O. Gordon K., '36.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Archer, P.O. John C.
Baker, LAC George R.
Bernstein, Cpl. Frank L.
Blue, P.O. Hugh Allan.
Buchanan, LAC J. A. Douglas.
Cameron, Flt. Lieut. Wilfred D.
Cardell, F.O. John S.
Collins, AC2 John J.
Crawford, John B.
Cunningham, AC2 Harold W.
Davies, LAC Harry K.

Dembicki, LAC Harry.
Dixon, LAC Charles R.
Donaldson, LAC Chris S.
Dougan, LAC Kenneth B.
Dowler, Capt. Harold A. (Dental Division).
Duggan, Flt. Lieut. Eric M.
Emery, Sgt. Obs. F. William.
Esch, P.O. Hubert J.
Folinsbee, Cpl. J. Patrick.
Gordon, F.O. Robert C.
Greenaway, AC2 N. Edward.
Hall, F.O. Allan S.
Harrison, AC2 Harvey William.
Harvie, LAC Charles H.
Hay, LAC Cameron M.
Henderson, LAC H. Arthur.

Henry LAC. William George "Reg" (killed).
Hope, John Mackintosh (Instructor).
Horsfall, AC2 J. Arthur.
Hutton, AC2 Donald Lee.
Jackson, AC2 R. G.
Johnson, AC2 Wilfrid R.
Jones, AC2 David C. L.
Keil, AC2 Frederick N.
Kirkland, LAC Harry M.
Lieberman, P.O. S. Samuel.
Lewis, Cpl. Walter V.
Macdonald, Sgt. Pilot C. George.
McMillan, Flt. Lieut. Stanley R.
McPhee, AC2 Archibald J.
(Continued on Page Six)

After the movies
... pause and
Turn to Refreshment



Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

YOU TASTE ITS QUALITY

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
EDMONTON

When you lift an ice-cold bottle of "Coca-Cola" to your lips you feel its refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more. So when you pause throughout the day, make it the pause that refreshes with ice-cold "Coca-Cola".

Goertz Studios

wish the Students and Faculty of the
University of Alberta

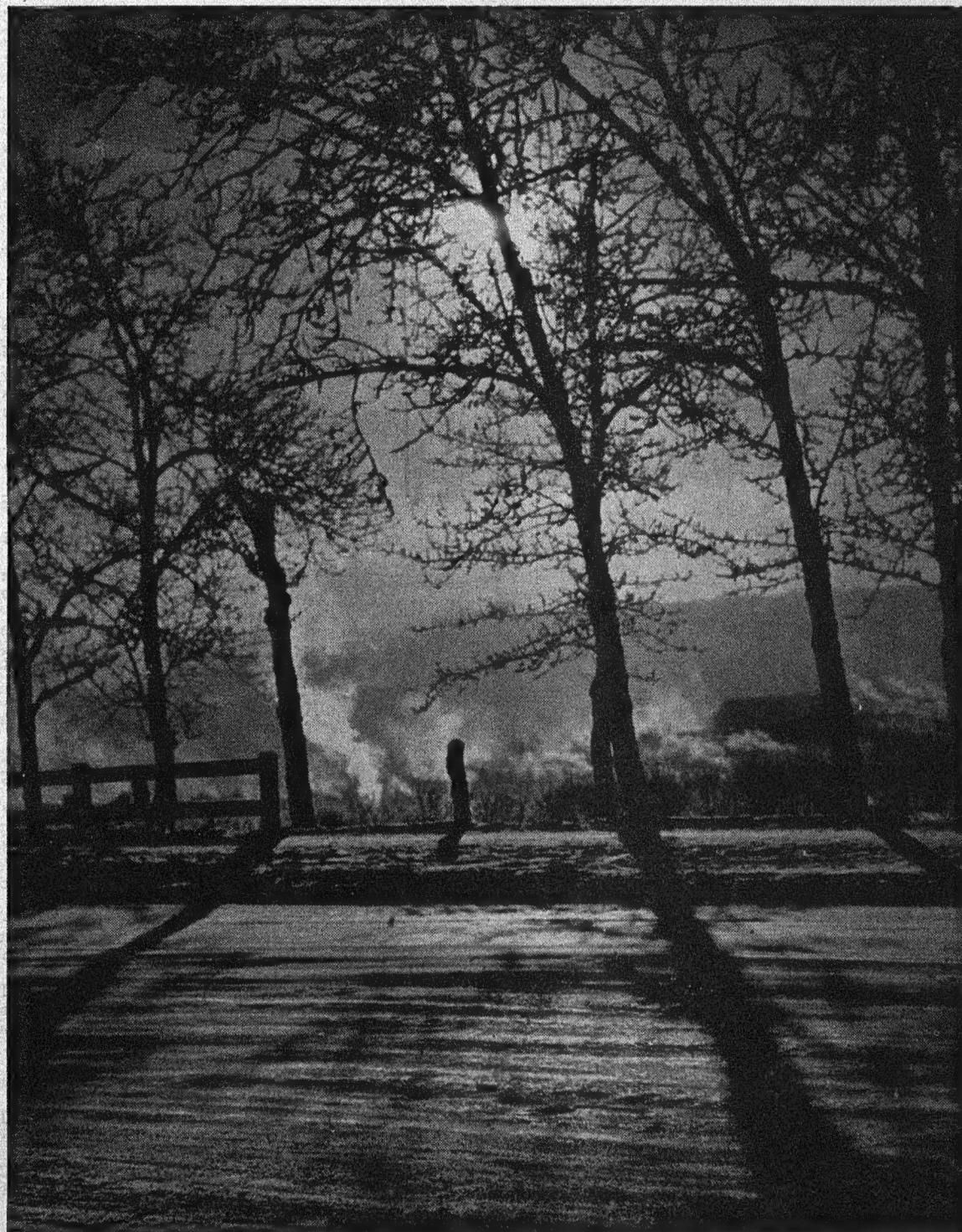
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

GOERTZ STUDIOS

WINNER OF 66 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

Phone 25766

10225 Jasper Avenue



A Winter Morning, by Goertz.

• a sonnet

Walking I met with eager Ecstasy
Hiding her silver sword beneath her gown.
Who called me to her side with eyes cast down
In suffering innocence, and offered me
Rich wines and welling tears to taste, and wild
Immortal dreamings drenched with fierce delight.
Wide-eyed I waited, and she caught me tight
To her soft bosom as I were a child.

Sudden she curled me close, and sobbing poured
Her incoherent kisses on my lips.
Tumbled and sought with frantic fingertips
My hair and throbbing throat. Then with her sword
She struck the love-torn heart, and beat by beat
The blood rose to my lips. And it was sweet.

• a grim fairy tale

Once upon a time, children, over a hundred beautiful princesses lived together in a fairy castle, located in the midst of a forest at the back of an intellectual power-plant. The name of the stately castle was Pembina. 'Twas a magical place, bound by a spell; and the name of the spell was Payukuche Kukeyow. For years the castle was the scene of gentleness and light. But, alas, one sad day a wicked gnome hobbled along, and enraged at the happiness within the building, shrieked a curse, and waving a crimson swastika, he broke the spell. Then he forced all the beautiful princesses to pack their jewels and court robes, and drove them out into the cold world. What poignant memories the palace recalls to the lonely princesses who once dwelt within its walls!

Ah, Pembina! To think of horrid men living where once was naught but grace and sweet femininity! Now is heard the thud of masculine footsteps instead of the quick scurrying at the approach of the diplomatic whistle of the fairy page. The air was light with the laughter of sweet girlish voices, and the dull thud as the littlest princess' head hit the tub. Dear, dead days, when kindness and goodness filled the halls as with the odor of new bread, and only once did the doctor have to take stitches in any of the wounds. The young ladies were proud of their lustrous curly locks, and considerably replaced the pillows worn through by the stylish iron covers they wore on their heads each night. But their hair was short, for unlike the other princess who let down her long braids for her lover to climb up, these lovelies preferred to date Jack with the Beanstalk. Oh, to see again the gentlewomen at their evening meal, when the silence was broken only by the soft request for honey-dew, or the faint gasp of a weaker friend being tripped under the table. Think of being able to smile once more at the attendant fairies, graceful sprites, daintily balancing a tenth of a ton of crockery on one

small hand. Ah, the memory of the damsels gliding quietly from the dining room, and tripping up the stairs, weighed down by mountains of purloined bread and butter. Pembina, sweet hall of love, we miss thee!

Occasionally the fairy queen would give a magnificent ball, and the dainty princesses would graciously tear each other's eyes out in order to wangle an invitation. How happy were those who were fortunate and strong enough to be asked! Now they could pay court to the queen, borrow the wraps of those not going, and have their names in the society page. Great was the confusion before the auspicious event. Cold-creamed damsels skipped about foamy baths, adjusting soft curls, and borrowing every last stitch from the others in the corridor. Powder and patches did their best to improve on nature. Fragrant perfumes filled the air, blending with agonizing shrieks as hands, inexperienced with eyelash curlers, made bald lovely eyelids. Then after her Prince Charming had been kept waiting the required minimum of fifteen minutes, each damsel would join her lover, and after signing the prison records, would whirl with him into the soft night. Remember, kiddies, how Cinderella had to leave the ball at midnight? Well, it was much the same with these maidens, for at twelve-thirty the spell of Payukuche Kukeyow took effect, and magical invisible bonds, which no prince, no matter how sharp his sword, could penetrate, sealed the building. Remember the nobility of the prince as he bravely put his thumb on the door-bell, at the same time promising to come through with the fine?

Pembina had many windows, several doors, and one entrance. During the day, the one entrance was used as a means of escaping or re-entering the castle, but at night it was the scene of woe supreme. For the cavaliers were not allowed within the sacred portals after ten o'clock, and courting needs must be done in

layers on the front steps. Many were the tender promises given, and cold was the water which came pouring down from above. But the princes deserved the endearments they received, because they had to fight their way with the sword of indifference through the ogerish eyes which followed their every move around the building. And now, just think that heavy blue tunics now hang where once floated our filmy negligee!

But do not cry, children, it will not always be thus. For as the last princess was leaving, she turned, and gazing at the lofty towers and that ink stain dribbling out of the upper window, she prophesied that some day all would be as it was in the past. Once more the girls will epitomize the best of good breeding, and gorge themselves sick on too much tuck from home. Soon will their gentle voices be heard, all shrieking hysterically at exam time. The spell laid by the wicked gnome was but temporary, and even now, many of the princes are out on their

white chargers slaying dragons so and princes, and silver-fish and that it may be broken. So, kiddies, fairies will come back, and they will dry your eyes, for all the princesses all live happily ever after.

For that Ideal Gift give FLOWERS FROM RAMSAY'S

New Location: Four doors east of old location

One of Edmonton's Smartest Flower Shops

PHONE 23488

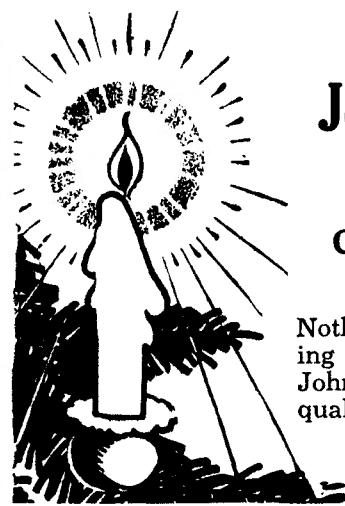
Varsity's Favorite Gift Shopping Rendezvous

Pyjama and Gown Gifts from Johnstone Walker's Always Bring Christmas Joy

Choose from Snuggledown . . . Eskimo Flannel . . .
Spun-rayon and Chin-Chin Crepe

Nothing brings greater delight to feminine hearts Christmas morning than pyjamas and gowns . . . and especially when chosen at Johnstone Walker's . . . for they are always so dainty and cosy and quality so dependable!

Here, you'll find scores of lingerie gift suggestions attractively boxed ready for presentation!



● **SNUGGLEDOWN** is a lovely soft, brushed Bemberg rayon fabric that is light and warm. These Pyjamas come in the popular "Butcher Boy" and slip-over styles with ties. Colors: coral, peach and blue. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced at **2.98**

● **GOWNS** of the same fabric with short sleeves. At **\$1.98**
● **And Long Sleeved Gowns.** Priced at **\$2.98**



● **ESKIMO FLANNEL NIGHTGOWNS** for cosy warmth and long service. Have tailored collar and revers trimmed with dainty touches of embroidery. Colors: peach, blue and maize. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced at **1.98**

● **CHIN-CHIN CREPE PYJAMAS** in two-piece tailored style, in plain soft shades of blue or tea-rose. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced at **2.98**

● **SPUN RAYON PYJAMAS** in Butcher Boy style. Shown in group-strips in shades of blue, rose, green and peach. Sizes small, medium and large. Priced, each **2.98**

Attractively Styled Housecoats

Of Fluffy Chenille and Quilted Satin
For Her Leisure Hours

11.95 13.95 14.95

Every time she decides to spend an evening by the fireside with an interesting book she will thank you for your thoughtfulness in choosing such a practical gift as a Housecoat. There are numerous styles from which to choose—wrap-arounds and zipper fastening.

● Two-tone Chenilles in pink and rose, turquoise and white and poudre and open blue.
● Quilted Floral Satins in peach, pink and blue.
● Quilted Satin tops with plain matching skirts. Pink and poudre blue. Sizes 14 to 20, also small, medium and large. Priced at **\$11.95, \$13.95 & \$14.95**

"Empress" Fine All Wool Bathrobes

Here's cosy warmth for everyday service at moderate cost. Made from soft fleecy wool fabric in rose and mauve. Satin bound and satin cord girdle. Medium and large. Priced at **7.95**

GORGEOUS NEW EVENING JACKETS

\$7.95 \$10.95

Gorgeous jackets to wear with skirts or over evening frocks . . . trimmed with silver and gold nail heads. Mountie red, white and black. Sizes 12 to 20. Priced at **\$7.95 and \$10.95**

EVENING SKIRTS OF SILK CREPE AND JERSEY

Floor length styles in plain and accordion pleated. Fine silk crepe and jersey in black and white. Sizes 12 to 18. Priced at **\$6.95, \$7.95 and \$9.95**



Honour Roll—continued

MacPherson, Sgt. Pilot Hugh D.
Martin, AC2 William A.
Minchin, AC2 Daniel H.
Minchin, AC2 John A.
Morris, Cpl. George W. (Dental).
Morris, F.O. Harold K.
Morrison, P.O. Angus E.
Morrison, LAC John H.
Mundy, LAC James Milton.
Oatway, F.O. Harold C.
Paul, Glen W.
Percival, Sgt. Pilot M. Thomas.
Phipps, LAC Rodney T.
Robbie, LAC Ian C.
Robertson, P.O. Donald K.
Roche, LAC Robert M.
Ross, F.O. John H.
Russell, Sgt. Pilot Alfred H.
Smith, Sgt. Pilot H. Douglas.
Sterne, P.O. Joseph F.
Swan, P.O. Joseph F.
Taylor, AC2 John B.
Terwilliger, Wm. R. (Instructor).
Thomlinson, Flt. Lieut. Walter S.
Waters, Cpl. Stan C.
Willis, LAC Roy W.
Wilson, F.O. Donald R.
Wilson, AC2 John H.
Wilkinson, Flt. Lieut. Arthur.

R.C.A.M.C.
Hamilton, Major Kenneth.
Nixon, Capt. J. R. staff.
Weinlos, Capt. Chaim H., '27, '31, staff.
Weinlos, Major Moses, '25, '28, staff.
Brooks, Pte. H. J., ad. staff.
Balfour, Capt. John, '35.
Begg, Capt. Herbert N. C., '28.
Bramley-Moore, Capt. Wm., '31.
Bridge, Major John W., '32.
Bruser, Capt. Michael, '39.
Cawker, Lieut. Chas. A. M., '33, '37.
Clarke, Capt. Kenneth A. C., '38, '40.
Cohen, F.O. Eliot, '40.
Cooper, Major Ross Henry, '26.
Crawford, Sgt. Frank L., '40.
Dewar, Pte. Walter G., '31.
Duggan, Capt. H. Ewart, '38.
Gaetz, Cpl. Harold Beaumont, '22.
Gander, Capt. Thomas A., '40.
Gardner, Capt. John Smith, '33, '34.
Gerrie, Major John W., '24, '27.
Goodman, Lieut. Benjamin, '40.
Hall, Capt. Wm. Mackintosh, '37.
Haworth, Lieut. George C., '27.
Hedderick, Staff Sgt. John B., '27.
Henry, Capt. Wm. A., '21.
Hicks, Major Robert A., '28.
Hodgin, Lieut. Ewart W., '31.
Hurlig, Capt. Abe, '34, '37.
Inglis, Lieut. W. A. Nelson, '37.
Long, Capt. George S., '33.
McDougall, Capt. John T., '33.
MacPherson, Capt. Alex. D., '29.
Mitchell, S/Sgt. Kenneth D., '32.
Monilaws, S/Sgt. John Ronald, '34.
Norton, Capt. George I., '38.
Nyklifuruk, Capt. Nick E., '37.
Quehl, Capt. Eby, '35.
Rostrup, Capt. Olav, '37.
Rovers, S/Sgt. John, '24.
Sturdy, Capt. John H., '39.
Sweet, R.S.M. Gordon C., '40.
Taylor, Capt. Carleton D., '31.
Weston, R.Q.M. Sgt. Charles A., '21.
Wickett, Pte. Wm. A., '41.

Undergraduates and ex-Students
Byers, Capt. John N. C.
Erswell, Staff Sgt. Albert H.
Gibson, Q.M.S. Donald C.
Warren, Capt. John M.
R.C.A.S.C.
Campbell, 2nd Lieut. C. Edwin, '38.
Friedman, 2nd Lieut. Melvin I., '33.
Hunter, Lieut. Watson T., '38.
Lewis, Lieut. David Edwin 'Edd', '37.
Prevey, 2nd Lieut. Chester M. F., '35.
Walker, Lieut. John G., '41 (Dental).
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Herringer, James G.
MacKenzie, Lieut. John R.
Oldford, Lieut. Terence.
R.C.C.S.
Weekes, Sgt. L. E., ad. staff.
Askin, 2nd Lieut. Thomas H., '30.
Carruthers, Lieut. Wm. K., '33.
Conybeare, Lieut. C. Eric B., '41.
Hurdle, Lieut. Harold S., '33.
Patterson, Lieut. Henry S., '36, '37.
Peppers, Major William O., '31.
Wilde, Lieut. Wm. C., '36.

Undergraduates and ex-Students
Baker, Lieut. Frederick James.
R.C.E.

Bailey, Lieut. Jack W., '41.
Berry, Capt. H. Derryk, '40.
Bowman, Capt. Ronald F. P., '28.
Boylan, Lieut. John R., '34, '35.
Brink, Lieut. Gaylord F., '36.
Brown, Lieut. Leslie J., '40.
Conn, 2nd Lieut. Tulley I., '41.
Ford, Lieut. Kenneth R., '34.
Grenhigh, Lieut. Thomas F., '41.
Hamilton, Lieut. George C., '34.
Hawrelak, Lieut. Stephen W., '41.
Hollies, Lieut. Robert T., '20, '21.
Johnson, Lieut. A. Franklin, '38.
Lees, 2nd Lieut. Andrew W., '38.
Millar, Lieut. Wm. A., '38.
Mills, Lieut. George D., '34.
Nicholson, Lieut. Robert H., '39.
Rollefson, 2nd Lieut. Martin O., '41.
Savage, Lieut. Gordon A., '41.
Simpkin, Lieut. Douglas B., '22.
Snyder, Lieut. Beverly W., '31.
Thomas, Lieut. John W., '39.
Van Kleeck, Lieut. Douglas, '39.
Weir, Lieut. Charles V., '28.
White, Capt. Clarence E., '24, '27.

Undergraduates and ex-Students
Blair, Capt. James.
Harmer, Robt J.
Kyle, 2nd Lieut. Garnet L.
Reid, L/Sgt. William Archibald.
R.C.O.C.

Frame, Capt. Wm. E., '22, '28.
Ruddy, Capt. Charles E., '24.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Moore, Lieut. Don J.

PERSONNEL SELECTION DEPT.
Smith, Major Herbert E., '25, '27, staff.
Healy, Dennis M., '31.
Wees, Major Wilfred R., '23, '26, '28.

NAVY

MacLean, Ordnance Artificer M. J., "Scottie," ad. staff.
Burns, Surgeon-Lieut. Robt. E., '39.
Convey, Lieut. John, '33, '36.
Crawford, Sub-Lieut. George L., '38.
Dawdney, Sub-Lieut. Frederick H. B., '39, '41.
Dewis, Pay Sub-Lieut. John P., '37, '40.
Dixon, Sub-Lieut. Kenneth S., '37, '38.
Hitchin, Edward, '34.
Hurlburt, Sub-Lieut. Richard H., '37, '38.
Lang, Sub-Lieut. Hector C., '41.
Legate, Sub-Lieut. John A. C., '38.
Litkenhaus, Sub-Lieut. Raymond A.
McClung, Sub-Lieut. Mark, '36.
McCurach, Surgeon-Lieut. Allan C.
McKim, Sub-Lieut. Carman F., '32.
McLean, Surgeon-Lieut. Timothy B., '39.
Matthews, Pay Sub-Lieut. F. Richard, '41.
Mitchell, Lieut. Fraser G., '37.
Pike, Lieut. F. Rodney, '36.
Powers, Pay Sub-Lieut. Percy H., '40.
Ross, Surgeon-Lieut. Joseph D., '37.
Saks, Sub-Lieut. James, '40.
Shouldice, Prob. Sub-Lieut. James R.
Sinclair, Sub-Lieut. William R., '41.
Undergraduates and ex-Students
Barrie, Sub-Lieut. Edgar W.
Chown, Lieut. Edwin George.
Dwyer, Lieut. J. C.
Empey, Ordinary Coder George C.
Fraser, Lieut. Stuart B.
Garrett, Sub-Lieut. Leonard J. D.
Gilchrist, Ordinary Seaman Douglas.

R.C.N.V.R.
Buchanan, Sub-Lieut. Hugh T.
Gordon, Prob. Sub-Lieut. Richard.
Horne, Leslie E.
Irving, Sub-Lieut. Veer H.
Leigh-Spencer, Lieut. Olaf L.
Manning, Lieut. George P.
Rankin, Pay Sub-Lieut. Bruce I.
Sutton, Sub-Lieut. Kenneth R.
Terwilliger, Surgeon-Lieut. N. Allin.
Watt, Lieut. Frederick B.

THE RING THAT SPEAKS OF



LET US HELP YOU choose the diamond within your means, most worthy of its lifelong mission. Come in and we will show you the colour, cutting, brilliance and all the qualities that affect beauty and value in diamonds.

18kt. natural with 18kt. white gold settings

\$60.00, \$90.00, \$115.00

Birks
JEWELLERS

Surprise and Delight
the whole Family
by ordering

ECD

ICE CREAM

"THE TREAT SUPREME"

for

CHRISTMAS DINNER

AT HOME

RECEIPT

SUPER-SUMPTUOUS CREATIONS
ESPECIALLY APPROPRIATE FOR XMAS

Bricks—Centred Shapes or Fruited
Cakes—2 sizes, Artistically Decorated
Log Rolls—Orange Ice Cream
Individual Moulds—Santas, Snowmen, Bears
and Bells, assorted

Order from your nearest E.C.D. Confectioner
or Phone 25151

The
Edmonton City Dairy

Limited

PLANT ON 109th ST.

PHONE 25151

(Established 35 Years)

Johnstone Walker
ESTD. Limited 1886

The Ordinary Garden Variety of the Male

By Betty Booth

The squash—a right good specimen, at first glance. He's presentable—nice smile and a pleasant personality. You breathe a sigh of relief and prepare to enjoy yourself—until you begin to feel that you are getting more than you bargained for. He's a little too friendly; the evening is turning into a game of hit-and-run on your part. The poor boy just can't understand your reluctance to play. So he tells you it's a case of love at first sight and proceeds to turn on all his charm (you can be

sure he has plenty). This can go on indefinitely. You might as well face it: All you can do is chalk it up to experience and refuse to take a rain check.

The grapefruit—a squirt if ever there was one. He's short not only in stature, but in everything else. Always a jitterbug—or just plain dance-mad—he suffers from a bad case of over-indulged ego. He pours forth a constant stream of chatter, mainly about wonderful me. He knows everyone and it's "Hiya, Joe, howareyou," unless they see him first. He's a member of every organization he can stick his nose into—and prominent, too, he'll inform you. He offers a case for justifiable homicide but, by the time you get around to thoughts of manslaughter, you're too worn out to know or care. Resign yourself to your fate—it can't go on forever.

The plum—a catch and you can bet your bottom dollar he knows it. He's head of his frat, president of this, editor of that. Dozens of girls are envying you. As you dress, a linking feeling in your chest gets closer to the ground with each tick of the clock. The fatal moment arrives and you go downstairs with bated breath. The advance notices didn't do him justice! He couldn't have more charm or be more fun. But there's a cloud in this blue sky. While you listen with eager ears, he tells you all the story of his life. Pretty soon he comes to the part about the girl back home. Then you know why he's still a campus catch—and still uncaught!

The lemon—an utter fizzle. He may have a heart and purse of gold, but he's tough on both eye and ear. If you're willing to be mercenary (sometimes it pays), remember he may have friends and good ones, too! If you don't want to be mercenary—or you know the kind of friends he has—tell yourself: "There are only sixty seconds in a minute, sixty minutes in an hour, and perhaps I can get out of this in four hours. I'm still young; it won't kill me." If you need added consolation, remember what you are doing for femininity. Think of all the other girls you're saving from a bad evening, but don't get off on that "Why did

Christmas Brings its Usual Shopping Troubles and its Usual Parties, Big and Little

Here Are Some Tips

It's Christmas again, and though the world is in an awful muddle, let's do our darndest to make it a gay Xmas; and let the fun be close to the inglenook, your own or someone else's. This is a Xmas for Home Sweet Home and Auld Lang Syne. . . If you're the kind of a gal who likes to explore through odd little shops, if you get a bang out of roaming around department stores about this time, looking at all the tinsel and holly decorations, enjoying the bustle and ribbons and cellophane paper, then December is the month created for you. Besides this, it's also the party season, for the tinsel and spangle solstice is here, and no matter where you come from, you'll probably be attending plenty of "do's," big and little. Your wardrobe will no doubt have some exciting new additions after the 25th, particularly if you let it be known exactly what you want. So why not pick out an elegant looking little number, very much in the holiday mood for the Xmas fling, as your present to be. . . You'll like that two-piece look, the long-torsoed, midly-topped dresses give you. Pastels, apple red, aqua or yellow are favorites this year, perfect for Xmas teas, buffet suppers, cocktail parties, and stuff! . . . Another particular pet of ours is the winter white wool dirndl, which seems to really be "catching on." (We saw and admired a honey of a one in the wardrobe of one of our co-eds.) It is enlivened with bright appliqued felt flowers in red, blue or green, whichever you prefer. With a perky bow of the same color in your hair, step out on Xmas day and watch the eyes

it have to be me! track. The artichoke—at first glance, he looks like a maze that leads to no center. But, once you peel his scared veneer, the stuff inside is tops! The first part of the evening, he says scarcely a word but, as time goes on and he grows more at ease, he turns out to be the best bet imaginable. Before you know it, you're acting natural and having a wonderful time. This type of fellow, fortunately, is not as great a rarity as conditions would seem to indicate. The only way to handle him is to forget all about yourself. Concentrate on making him feel at home. It's tough, we admit—especially if you're feeling nervous, too—but it pays, m'girl, it pays!

Brussels sprouts—packed with social prestige. If he hasn't the proper 400 background to start out with, he attaches himself to them what has. He belongs to the best fraternity and will tell you so himself. Everything's old stuff to him. No cokes and long walks for this baby, even if you want 'em. When he dates, it's on the grand scale. If you live up to his expectations (and don't feel insulted if you don't), prepare yourself for the social whirl in the "right" places at the "right" times and with the "right" people. Pretty soon you'll find your life and friends being quietly but firmly restricted. An endurance contest—can you take it?

The beet—who can fall into almost any category: Sublimely beautiful, average-looking or homely. But sooner or later it all gets around to the same thing. He gives you the rush of your life and bowls you over with compliments, but so cleverly that you don't suspect it's a line. You fall under his spell in spite of yourself and accept eagerly when he asks you out. After that date, you never see him again. You can't understand why. He was wonderful to you. What could you have said or done? Finally, you learn that this lad lives for only one thing: His sole ambition in life is to be able to say that he has dated every freshman girl on the campus.

The peach—here, again, a description of physical characteristics would be superfluous. It all depends upon your own particular tastes in regard to masculine appearance. Sufficient to say that "that certain something" never fails to give him away. He may not be the answer to every maiden's prayer, but he is to yours. He can't be missed. As to where, when or how—we leave that all to you. The peach is a prize specimen of blue ribbon rating and should be handled with care. He happens along but once in a lifetime. Once you get hold of him, hang on! Lots of girls find peaches, but it's only the smart ones who keep 'em. It's all up to you, old girl!

and compliments pop! . . . For tea-dancing at the Mac, wear your smoothest number. We saw two simply snarky little jobs designed for early twilight hours. Both were in fluent 1942 black crepe, one styled on long dirndl lines with collar and cuffs of white sequins and crystal bugle beads; the other featuring a mock front peplum effect, and dotted with blue sequins. In either, you'd indeed be the swish dish! . . . For after dark at Xmas time, be the glitter girl in your loveliest formal. . . . match it with a very special Xmas sparkle in your eyes, and watch the male element surround you en masse! . . . Swirling chiffon, taffetas, and sleek white jersey will probably all make their appearance at the Varsity Ball in Lethbridge, and at the holiday formals held at Calgary's Palliser or Edmonton's own Macdonald. . . . If you're considering a new formal, why not be witching in a full white taffeta evening dress trimmed with yards of sheer black lace all the way round the skirt and tiny bodice top. . . . It would be just simply too, too risqué, my dear! (Shades of Cam Ower). . . . When the crowd drops in some evening in the holidays, make it a friendly gathering around the fire, chatty and very informal. . . . Pop corn, pass that 5 lb. box of chocolates around, and later bring on gingerale and a myriad of little nibblings. Such an occasion will be the right time to feel comfy and careless in your brand new pull-over, made to be pulled away down over your hips, but given a new touch with bright felt appliques. . . . And now, as a final thought, here's a holiday assignment for you:

1. Toast the old fashioned Xmas—joyful and familiar, glowing and warm.
2. Keep high festival in your festal frocks and glistening baubles.
3. Wear plenty of bright Xmas colors—holly red, forest green, sparkling metallics—and really feel the Yuletide spirit!
4. Recite, "Twas the night before Xmas and all through the house. . . . And so, in closing, we'd like to wish all you lads and lasses here at U of A, the very best of Christmas and New Years. . . . See you in 1942!

christmas presents examinations

Ho hum! What to give and what not to give our dearly beloved for Christmas! Awful problem, isn't it? Are you a grudge giver, or on the other hand, are you one of the countless souls who leans over a counter sweetly smiling and murmuring, "Everything is so lovely, I just can't make up my mind. . . . do you think?" and so on. 'Tis said all the world loves a cheerful giver—or was it the Almighty who said it? Anyway, one does have to give more than cheerfulness towards purchasing gifts—money and time do enter into the giving.

Christmas is just bound up with give and take. You give the clerk your coinage; he takes it and gives you in return your purchase. You take it home, wrap the thing, give it away, and likely as not the recipient will either give it away next Christmas or else hurry to the nearest store and exchange it in another department.

Is it easier to give than to receive or vice versa? We think it's easier for the faculty to give out with seconds, or at least measly thirds, than it is for us to receive a flunk or a Xmas letter. Think, too, of the sanctimonious feeling that comes from bringing happiness to so many. Then, too, it's much easier to give gifts with the price tags conveniently left on them than it is to try and exchange a gift—say of gloves—that was intended for a hand two by twice—not yours. You just couldn't take it! Oh, yes! Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings goofy articles like this, mainly because we are so intent on redeeming ourselves in the scholastic field that we just haven't time to take up pen and write.

Ho hum! I'm sure it's going to be easier to give me a flunk than for me to get a pass—but I'll receive it cheerfully!

MERRY XMAS!

Your Credit is fine with
IRVING KLINE
Edmonton's Credit Jeweller
10117 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

JOHNSON'S CAFE

GOOD FOOD IS GOOD HEALTH

Corner 101st Street and Jasper Ave.

We Sincerely Believe Staber's PROT-N-IZED CREAM PERMANENT

To be as Fine a Wave as
Money Can Buy

Rich, creamy tonic oils steamed directly into the hair. Positively permeates all types and textures of hair. Makes hair easy to set. Now offered at

TWO LOW PRICES

\$2.00 & \$2.95

Complete—No Extras

WHY PAY MORE?

A BEAUTY SPECIAL

Hollywood Luxury Oil
Shampoo and Personality 50c
Finger Wave
Oil Manicure, 25c

Staber's
FOR BEAUTY

No Appointment Necessary

10047 101A Ave.

Official C.N.R. Watch Inspector

A. G. TOLLER

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

We Specialize in Watches, Clocks and Rings

10148 Jasper Ave., Edmonton, Alta.

Next door to Sterling Shoe Store

CERTIFIED WATCHMAKER

The Management and Staff of the

SUGAR BOWL

extend to their customers and friends the Season's
greetings and all good wishes for Christmas
and the New Year

Wishing their many University friends
and patrons

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

from

ZELLER'S
RETAILERS TO THRIFTY CANADIANS

THE BAY Merry Christmas



It's a Gift . . . Not a Guess,
When You Give . . .

"Lady Hudson" Silk Hose

She never has too many hose and probably never will . . . but start her off with a half-dozen pairs of Lady Hudson and she'll bless you forever. Full fashioned sheer chiffon with lisle reinforcement and welt in spicy colors that will add dash to her winter wardrobe

1.25

Lady Hudson Chiffon Hose

Here's a hose that's a happy thought for Christmas gifts . . . mixed silk and Bern berg in the new construction . . . with panel heel and lisle reinforcement . . . full fashioned . . . colors of October Ale and Dusty Rose

\$1

Lady Hudson Service Chiffon

If she has a hankering for nice things, but has a practical side as well, give her this popular silk and Bernberg mixture . . . full fashioned with panel heel and lisle reinforcement and welt. Dusty Rose and October Ale

1.35

—Street Floor, at The BAY

Bridge Slippers . . . That Really Fit!

Buy Them Now for Christmas Giving

New York made! Fine kid leather uppers and genuine pigskin leather outsoles. Choice of blue, black and wine. A width, sizes 5 to 10—and they fit!

3.98

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1870

The Management and Staff of
VARSLITY TUCK SHOP
extend Christmas Greetings to You
and
Our Very Best Wishes for 1942

●cabin fever

(Continued from Page 3)

for an extra passenger, would ye?

MacNab: Aye, I wuz thinkin' o' goin' to Vancouver mazel.

Dr. Blackstone: Why, yes, I've room for one, and it might be a bit of a squeeze, but we could make it.

MacMurray: Weel, if it'd no poot ye oot too much I—

MacNab: 'Twas me that wuz leavin', Muster MacMurray. I'll go wi' the doctair.

MacMurray: A've been thinkin' o'er it, Muster MacNab, and I've decided tae let ye keep the canoe and the cabin.

MacNab: I'm simply o'erwhelmed wi' yer consideration, but 'twas na me that wuz leavin', and I'll just go along wi' the doctair.

MacMurray: Ye will not.

MacNab: I will go.

Dr. Blackstone (embarrassed): Well, gentlemen, I—I'm sorry, it can only be one. Is there no way of

deciding?

MacMurray: Aye, there is. Muster MacNab, dae ye see yon water pail thru the door there?

MacNab: Aye, and richt by the stump wher ye left it this mornin'.

MacMurray: Can you make oot the rust spot by the handle?

MacNab: Aye.

MacMurray: Well, the one which comes closest tae that frae the thrush-hold o' the cabin door goes tae Vancouver wi' the doctair.

MacNab: Fine and dandy wi' me—30-30, MacMurray?

MacMurray: Aye, here's ma 30-30 by the door.

MacNab: Ye may hae the honor a fairst shot while a reach doon ma 22 frae the wa'.

MacMurray: Thank ye, Muster MacNab.

(Whenever they say "Muster" they bear down on it, almost insulting.)

There comes sound of rifle and then exclamation of disgust from MacMurray.

MacNab: A fu' two inches from the spot—'tis a shame ye did nae tak a few lessons frae 30-30 Plotto.

MacMurray: Haud yer tongue till ye've done better yersell!

MacNab: A'richt. Watch this, ma monny. (Flat report of a 22.) There, poot that in yer pipe and smoke it. Noo, doctair, since yon hole made by a 22 bullet happens tae be dead centre, I'll be goin' along wi' ye. If ye care tae wait while I tote ma stuff doon I'll gie ye a hand wi' the water barrels.

Dr. Blackstone: Thanks, that'll be fine, but are you sure you ought to

MacMurray: Dinna say anything tae stop him, doctair. Good day, and guid bye, Muster MacNab.

MacNab: The same tae ye, Muster MacMurray.

The door slams. Pause.

Dr. Blackstone clears his throat.

Dr. Blackstone: Uh, I gather you two are breaking up for good?

MacMurray: Aye!

Dr. Blackstone: Been partners long?

MacMurray: Thirty years.

Dr. Blackstone: Seems a shame you—

MacMurray: Na, na, 'tisna. It's been thirty years o' hell. I don't see hoo A've stood as long as I have.

Dr. Blackstone: Hmm!

MacMurray: Never see much as a "thank ye" after A've done for him.

Dr. Blackstone: Oh!

MacMurray: A'ways argy bargy, contradicting, borryin' ma tabacco. (Pause.) Say, hae ye got a wee bit wi' ye. Canna seem tae find ma pooch.

Dr. Blackstone: Sorry; don't smoke.

MacMurray: Oh, a weel; I dinna feel sae much for the pipe noo. (Pause again.) Andra a'ways sleeps wi' his socks on.

Dr. Blackstone: Does he?

MacMurray: Aye. (Pause.) Quite a mon for the bottle he is.

Dr. Blackstone: Is he?

MacMurray: Aye. (Pause.) Stubborn, too.

Dr. Blackstone: That so.

MacMurray: Aye; 24th May in Savory, armed only wi' an empty 40-ounce MacKenna's Blue Bell Brew bottle, he held the bridge o'er the Eagle River against the Elks band, Knox Church Ladies' Auxiliary an the Boer War Veterans. Thot he wuz Horatio at the bridge.

Dr. Blackstone: Did he?

MacMurray: He did. After two hours he sobered up an' let the parade continue. (Pause.) 'Twas a wunnerfu' sight while it lasted.

Dr. Blackstone: I imagine it was.

MacMurray (pause): Wuzna afraid o' anything, wuz Andra. (Pause.) I'll never forget the time I left ma pipe on the fir stump we were blasting yon day. Doon be where the well is, it wuz. We set the charge an' run back, an' there was ma pipe. I stood there unable tae decide whether tae risk ma neck and mak a dash for the pipe or stand safe and watch it blown tae bits. Andra saved it for me.

Dr. Blackstone: Did he?

MacMurray: Aye, he did. (Pause.) Ye know, when I think it o'er, I'm going tae miss Andra. When he remembers tae poot saut in the dough he can mak dandy biscuits. (Pause.) Pairhaps I hae been a wee bit hasty in deciding tae break up wi' him.

Dr. Blackstone: Perhaps you were.

It does seem a shame that after thirty years you should be splitting up. I feel a bit guilty myself. Accessory before the fact.

MacMurray: Na, na. 'Tis no fau't o' yours. 'Twas inevitable, I guess.

If he hadnae wanted tae go he wouldnae hae gone. He wouldnae be down there by the boat. There he's wavin' this way. I guess he's waitin' for ye noo.

Dr. Blackstone: Well—I—good-bye, MacMurray—I'm sorry to—

MacMurray: Go on, man. Andra never did like tae be kep' waitin'.

Dr. Blackstone: Well—(Long pause.) Good-bye, old man.

(This last is said hurriedly. Sound effect of door closing. Start music softly.)

MacMurray: Good-bye. (Pause.) Auld man. Aye, he's right, auld man. A domineerin' auld man. I suppose that's why Andra's sae stubborn. 'Tis tae mak up for ma all the time orderin' him aboot. (Pause.) A partner's like a guid hod—ye get attached tae him after thirty years. Och, Andra—Andra, why did ye do it!—why did ye go!

(Up with music. Fade music.)

MacMurray: Wi' what did ye start the fire this mornin'?

MacNab: Weel, A couldna find ony paper, so A just—

MacMurray: Ye tore pages frae the heart o' Plato's Republic tae start th' fire. Mon, mon, why did ye no go wi' the doctair! Had ye not the decency tae leave a long-sufferin' partner i' peace—ye whusky-soaked

(Music.)

The Requiem of J. Alfred Prufrock

(With due apologies to T. S. Eliot, but ardent hope that Prufrock will be allowed to come once more to life.)

And would it have been worth it after all,

After the prayers were spoken on the bended knee,

After the bier was brought among the company,

Would it have been worth while To quibble on the style

To dance upon the bed, or move the shroud

And say, "I am not dead!"

I am not dead at all!"

And would it have been worth it after all,

Would it have been worth while After the feasting and the sobbing

And the yearly gates, After the candles, wads of cotton,

and the Fates— And this and so much more?—

Here thoughts grow thinner—here the conscience grates:

Would it have been worth while

If one, reading Andrew Marvell, or

posing in the pail, And walking by the Tiber, should

say: "That is not it at all, "That is not death at all."

No! I am not Sweeney, nor was

meant to say— "But here that don't apply."

I do not yearn for coral seas, Or palm leaf drapery,

Or nickel beers and alcoholic tears; But am a servant to a tragedy:

I am the ghost that walks the castle wall,

A death's face in a ring, The suit of armor standing in the

hall, And then, once more Tiresias, the seer.

I am the Light—but here that don't apply.

At time, indeed, I am an Everyman— Almost, at times, the Fool.

I've grown old, I've grown old. I've worn the bottoms of my trousers

ers rolled And all it did was make my ankles

cold. Shall I stop the Requiem? Shall I

find the just cause why Such a sermon don't apply?

Do I dare chant with the rest; Make my shroud a bit more blest;

With a kerchief wipe my eye; Heave a tear entangled sigh—

There's a soup-stain on my vest (They will say, "My, how his clothes

are getting old!"), Do I dare disturb the burial?

In a minute there is time For decisions and revisions which

the minute will reverse.

Yes! I shall raise the shroud, after all And peak out at the shovels as they

fall.

The waiting sobbers now remove their hats.

The praying drones — Gregorian sharps and flats.

And as I penetrate the world The clay upon my coffin cancels all

Above my head. I hear the breastless creatures full

of mirth. It was for this that Madame Eve

gave birth. "That is not it at all.

"That is not what I meant at all."

TUNE IN

TUESDAYS

"Blended Rhythm"

Buckingham

CIGARETTE PROGRAM

IT PAYS TO PLAY

SPALDING

The Choice of Champions



Alberta Distributors

Marshall-Wells
Alberta Co., Ltd.

Edmonton Alberta

●twelve o'clock

(An editorial appearing in the New York Times)

It is twelve o'clock in London.

Hitler has spoken and Churchill has replied. There is no more to be said

Or is there? Is the tongue of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Milton,

of the King James translation of the Scriptures, of Keats, of Shelley, to

be hereafter, in the British Isles, the dialect of an enslaved race?

Let us try to see clearly. We have to look back a good many centuries

to find the beginnings of English history. We see it as a rough

and obstinate growth, heaving the rich soil under the oaks of lordly

estates, breaking out in Wat Tyler's time and in Cromwell's and in the

day of second James, forcing through the Reform Acts, never perfected,

never giving up. We see the spread of democracy and empire, side by

side, confused and turbulent. But we see democracy ever marching on.

It is twelve o'clock in London. Not twelve o'clock for empire—there is

no empire any more. Not twelve o'clock for the old "dominion over

palm and pine." Twelve o'clock for the common people of England, out

of whom England's greatest souls have always come, twelve o'clock for

all that they are and have been, for all those things which make life

worth living for free men. Twelve o'clock—and the wisest

prophet in Christendom cannot say

what is to come. The old, old towns of Britain, the hills and cliffs and

shores and meadows rich with history, the homes and lives of forty-

five million people, the great British traditions of human worth and dig-

nity, the folk sayings, the deep wisdom and long-suffering hopes of a

race—these, not being pleasing to Hitler, are condemned.

We know little, and for a time shall know little of this unparalleled

spectacle of the nation rising, as by a single impulse, to defend

"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

From our own shores we cannot see the shadow over ancient gardens,

over houses hoary with age, over the graves of poets and philosophers

and the tombs of martyrs. We know only that one of the green and lovely

oases of civilization in the wilderness of man's time on earth is foully

threatened, and that the whole world forevermore will be poorer if it fails.

Words falter. There are no phrases for the obscene ambition that attacks,

for the magnificent mobilization of a people that defends unshaken and

unafraid. We can only pray that soon the time will come when the

vultures no longer defile the British skies and the cry goes out from John

o'Groats to Land's End: "Twelve o'Clock and All's Well!"

WOODWARD'S

Wish You Sincere

GREETINGS

for a

Merry Christmas

and a Happy New Year

"Last Minute" Shoppers will find a fine variety of Gift Ideas for those "extra" names on your Christmas Gift List at **WOODWARD'S**

DAIRY POOL PRODUCTS

Milk--Cream

Alberta Maid Butter

and

Nu Maid Ice Cream
are famous for their Purity and High Quality

FOR SERVICE, PHONE
28101 - 28102

Northern Alberta Dairy Pool, Ltd.
The Co-operative Dairy

CHAMPIONS

Parcel Delivery

DELIVER

Letters, Parcels,
Trunks, etc.

A FAST RELIABLE
SERVICE

PHONES
22246 - 22056

The Management and Staff of the

Varsity Beauty Parlor and Barber Shop

wish the Students and Faculty of the University of Alberta a Very Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

St. Joseph's Cafeteria and Tea Rooms



This Christmas, now as ever, Ready to Serve You

The Balcony Tea Room for Club Luncheons and Gatherings

INTERLUDE

The student lifted weary eyes from the open text-book before her. Ten o'clock was striking. Tantalizing thoughts drifted into her head. Red and green—red berries—holly. We always made a wreath for the front door—wonder if Gran will send it from Victoria this year. Chimes—ten o'clock—carols—I wish I was home now. Five more days and I will be. Hope they don't decorate the tree before I get there. Should I get some tinsel? Last year's will be tarnished. Guess mother'll look after it. What to get for Christmas? China?—too hard to pack. Gloves?—maybe. Gosh, I don't know any history!

Wish I'd studied more. I will next term, though, if I come back. How many can I flunk and not get a letter? Haven't sent out any Christmas cards yet—better get down town tomorrow, or the next day. I can hear the rink music—better close the window. Swell night, perfect for skating. Oh, well, lots of time in the holidays, I guess—skating too. Gang'll likely have some parties—be glad to see the kids. Fine time to get homesick! Funny kind of Christmas this year. Hope my brother gets his leave. Have I time to finish his socks? Hope he appreciates them—sure a lot of work! Well, better concentrate. Wish I didn't feel so Christmas-y.

TRY THIS ONE

FOR SHEER SATISFYING ENJOYMENT

CRISP FLAKES OF TOASTED COCONUT IN RICH MILK CHOCOLATE



Neilson's

Best of Everything!

Henry Singer

BOND HABERDASHERS

10307 Jasper

Phone 25269

Christmas Greetings

from

SPORTING GOODS HEADQUARTERS

Distributors of:

DUNNE'S SKATE OUTFITS
CAMPBELL'S BADMINTON RACKETS
DODD'S SKIS—DAOUST SKI BOOTS
PETERBORO TOBOGGANS
ATHLETIC CLOTHING and EQUIPMENT

If you need Sporting Goods—Consult your Sports Committee

MOTOR CAR SUPPLY CO.

OF CANADA LTD.

10130 105th Street

Edmonton, Alta.

the man who died

by corwin pine

The room was very quiet. It was only a tiny, little room tucked off at the end of a long corridor, but it knew just as much about pain and suffering and death as any of the wards.

One of the nurses opened the door and went out, very softly. Before it quite closed again there floated in a vague whiff of something—that strange, undefinable hospital aroma, compounded of sheets and anaesthetics, sweat and agony, gleaming surgical instruments, and starched white uniforms.

A young interne, passing on his way to the operating theatre, stopped to speak to the girl. A nurse went by, carrying a couple of blankets. Far down at the end of the hall, near the sun-porch, appeared an old man in a faded blue dressing-gown, hobbling grotesquely on one leg and a crutch. Two more nurses, with a baby wailing noisily, turned into the children's ward. A group of white-clad figures came down the corridor, wheeling a narrow cot, on which lay another figure in white, who was very still. The young interne, with a smile and a word to the girl, joined them. The little procession entered the theatre.

Orderly and severe, austere and

methodical; that was the hospital. Birth and love and life and death going on in its bare rooms and stairways, all alike systematically organized, carefully detailed, elaborately sterile. All alike unimportant, irrelevant, somehow, in its polite, cold interior. For the hospital itself was the only real thing; brooding and silent, it dominated its inhabitants. Never far distant, and continually showing them their true insignificance, was the thought that when they were gone others would take their places, and life and love and birth and death would go on always just as easily and just as efficiently.

The woman lying so quiet in the high bed in the little room smiled faintly. She looked at the doctor.

There was no fear in her eyes.

"How much longer, doctor?"

"About half an hour," He spoke firmly, without hesitation. What was the use of mincing words with that steadfast figure?

The woman's lips moved again.

"I'd like to see my—," she faltered a trifle, "my son."

The other nurse went out. She stopped a moment at the desk of the matron on duty in the hall.

"318's going fast."

Suggestions-- For Your Shopping List

If what to give is the burning question, Look below for a bright suggestion!

A GIFT that will always ring the bell is a pair of smart sleek gloves for all purpose wear, to make her feel and look "best dressed"—whipstitched cape-skin or peccary pigskin slippers in cork natural, brown, black and white, both very much in the lime-light at present. Another particular favorite for dresser occasions are fringed suede gauntlets in four-button length; a combination of black with red fringes would be pretty nifty, we think! The Bay can fix you up with practically anything you have in mind.

A NATTY looking Scarf will be sure to receive a warm welcome. The co-ed giftee will want hers in soft wool, in solid colors or plaids, although white in silk, satin or wool is also a perennial favorite. The Bay have some on display which would make dandy gifts.

A GOOD looking Purse is a must for the modern miss, so why not gift her with one. Bowl her over completely with a very elegant looking bag of black patent in the new long thin lines. It has a red lining and pockets for all the little doodads we gals will carry... added initials or name

would really start her purring. Drop down to Eaton's and have a look for yourself.

JEWELLRY is something we fems never seem to have too much of, so why not your particular Xmas belle with some fancy trifle—a gold and copper pinsetta, Xmas pin with a glittering jewel centre, a gold-plated bracelet with monogrammed tag, a whooping long strand of importantly flashing stones (fake, of course) set in dull gold or silver metal to wink out sassy at the public—to be worn about the neck of the plainest wool or about the waist instead of a belt. Then she'll like the gleam of good-looking pearls. Get an extra long strand—the gals are favoring long knotted pearls this year on their sweaters.

A COMPACT is always a good choice. She'll go for an exceptionally thin lightweight vanity, the cover embossed with her initials, or a sophisticated "hollow square" of sleek black plastic divided into compartments. Birks specialize in both costume jewellery and compacts, as you probably know.

FINALLY, for that special someone "with love," how about a Ski Jacket for her to wear in the white open spaces... If she's a snow-minded girl, white ought to be the logical choice to dazzle both you and the natives—scarlet, natural, military blue and navy are other favorites—and the Beta Nu can show you the very latest. As a final word, remember the thought is every bit as important as the gift itself. Let's hope Santa's as good to you!

the future

by quote unquote

Our people went to war for the sake of Canada, but not for Canada alone. We went to war as well for the sake of Britain, for North American civilization, which we are proud to defend, and for the sake of that humanity which is above all nations.—Prime Minister Mackenzie King.

We have not begun to win this war yet; we have just succeeded in not losing it.—Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence.

You know, I sometimes wonder whether it wouldn't be a good thing if we were to forget the Union Jack and you the Stars and Stripes and just deal with the facts from a humanitarian point of view.—Clive Brook over the BBC.

Old music-hall song: "What you've never had you never miss."—Clive Brook over the BBC.

Nothing can keep a nation free except the conviction of its people that they would rather die than be slaves. Freedom is not a gift but a victory, and in the crises of a nation's life there is no substitute for heroism.—Walter Lippman.

Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate. For, under God, we are determined that whosoever or howsoever we shall be called upon to make our exit, we will die free men.—John Quincy Adams.

These cold-blooded executions of innocent people will only recoil upon the savages who order and execute them. The butcheries in France are an example of what

Hitler's Nazis are doing in many other countries under their yoke. The atrocities in Poland, in Yugoslavia, in Norway, in Holland, in Belgium, and above all, behind the German fronts in Russia, surpass anything that has been known since the darkest and most bestial ages of mankind. They are but a foretaste of what Hitler would inflict on the British and American peoples if only he could get the power.—Winston Churchill.

Let us have faith that RIGHT makes MIGHT, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

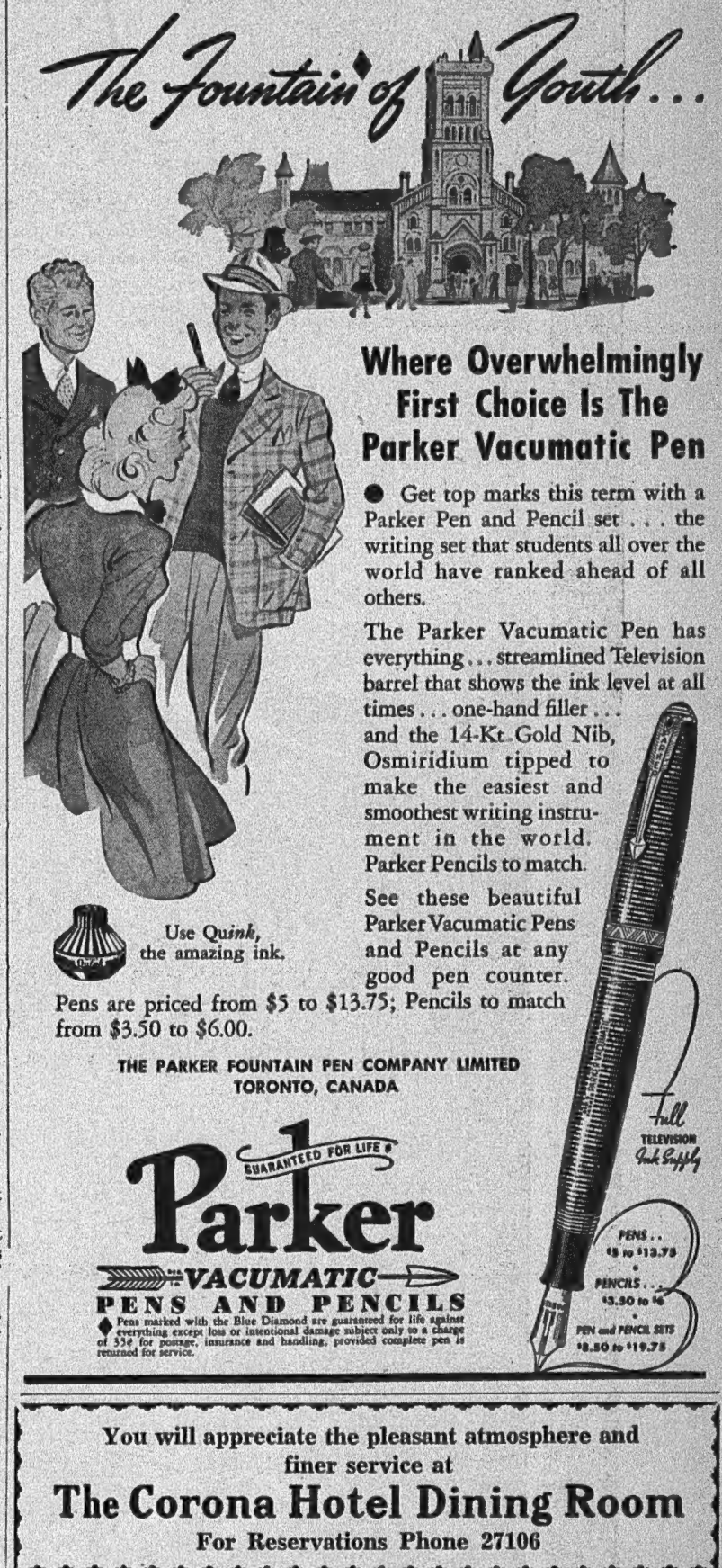
SPORTING GOODS
Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Musical Instruments
All Moderately Priced
UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE
Located near Rialto Theatre
Estab. 1912 Phone 22057

Silver Glade Roller Bowl
Skating every night
7:30-10:00 p.m.
Afternoons, 2:00-4:30
No skates to carry to and from rink. Heated building. Good floor.
Phone 81362 12312 105th Ave.

Johnny, now? We were havin' a lot of fun—"
"Yes, go ahead and play, dear," said the mother. He kissed her dutifully. There were tears in the doctor's eyes.
"Goodbye, son," she called as he reached the door. The boy looked around. His mother was smiling. He grinned back at her.
The little nurse closed the door. She wiped her eyes as she stopped at the matron's desk. Behind the tears her eyes were puzzled.
"I've just been transferred to this case," she said. "It's funny, but they

both acted in there as if Van Gordon were dead. I know he was hopelessly crippled and deformed in the accident, but he didn't die, did he?"
"No," the grim old matron answered, rather queerly. There was almost a spark of feeling in her voice. "No, he didn't die. But both the girl and the kid think he did. He planned it that way. He didn't want them to ever have to look at him again."
In the operating theatre a man screamed in agony.
"They're operating on him again now," said the matron. "He's so bad they don't dare give him ether, poor devil."

The Fountain of Youth...



Where Overwhelmingly First Choice Is The Parker Vacumatic Pen

● Get top marks this term with a Parker Pen and Pencil set... the writing set that students all over the world have ranked ahead of all others.

The Parker Vacumatic Pen has everything... streamlined television barrel that shows the ink level at all times... one-hand filler... and the 14-Kt. Gold Nib, Osmiridium tipped to make the easiest and smoothest writing instrument in the world. Parker Pencils to match.

See these beautiful Parker Vacumatic Pens and Pencils at any good pen counter.

Pens are priced from \$5 to \$13.75; Pencils to match from \$3.50 to \$6.00.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Parker

VACUMATIC
PENS AND PENCILS

Pen marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for life against everything except loss or intentional damage subject only to a charge of \$14 for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

Pen prices: \$5 to \$13.75
Pencil prices: \$3.50 to \$6.00
Parker Pen and Pencil sets: \$8.50 to \$19.75

You will appreciate the pleasant atmosphere and finer service at
The Corona Hotel Dining Room
For Reservations Phone 27106

Christmas Greetings:

May the Blessings of Christmas be yours in the fullest measure possible in this war-torn world... May Peace on Earth and Goodwill among Men be restored before the Christmas Bells of another year ring out.

from

The Management and Staff Edmonton's Gas Company

Get Your Christmas Hair-Do

at
Davidson's Beauty Shoppe
10924-88th Avenue

Operators: Trudy Shea and Mrs. Kay Tell
Mrs. Davidson and K. Davidson

Phone 31433

SEASON'S *Greetings*



McDermid Studios Limited, specialists in Photography, Commercial Art, and Photo Engraving, has served Edmonton and Alberta for the last thirty years. This vast experience enables them to render a complete service to present day needs in advertising and illustrating.

McDermid Portrait Studio is one of the finest and most modern in Western Canada.



McDermid Studios Ltd.

ARTISTS • ENGRAVERS • PHOTOGRAPHERS

1002 4th Avenue North Street PHONE 25444-26777